SF Writer Brian Aldiss Interviewed!

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The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

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**HEAVY METAL** **OCTOBER 1985** **VOL. IX, NO. VII**

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# dossier

by Steven Maloff

COURTESY B. DALTON

● If you accept orthodox rock-crit notions (i.e., *Rolling Drone* magazine), you probably believe that the San Francisco sound was the end-all and be-all of 1960s American rock 'n' roll. In truth, there were vital scenes in Texas, L.A., the Northwest, and Detroit (not to mention Garageland, U.S.A.), but I'll agree that there was something happening in Frisco for one brief shining moment that should not be forgot.

***San Francisco Nights: The Psychedelic Music Trip 1965–1968,*** by **Gene Sculatti** and **Davin Seay** (St. Martin's), chronicles the series of incidents, accidents, people, and social changes that converged to form what came to be known as the San Francisco sound. It's the tale of a new breed of musical bohemians, in search of "something," who had more in common with the Beatles and electrified Dylan than with the stuffy world of folk purists.

This book covers the rise and fall of the S.F. sound and scene, from the innocent, naive days of the first concert presentation in 1965 of the Dr. Strange Show onward and downward to the later, bloated daze of the Fillmore. And, like other rise-and-fall stories, it's fascinating.

Unlike other write-ups on this era, *San Francisco Nights* pretty much ignores the boring "antics" of the Merry Pranksters, Stewart Brand, or Wavy Whatever. And it's not a lightweight "wear some flowers in your hair" clichéd quickie, either. Instead, it concentrates, in detail, on the Frisco bands (branching out to touch bases at other psychedelic scenes across the U.S. and England), the poster artists (including *Zap Comics* artists Rick Griffin and Victor Moscoso, Mouse, Kelley, and Wes Wilson), and general music-biz types. The book is informative. There's not a wasted paragraph. And it's a lot of *fun*.

Also of note is an on-target Acid Rock Consumer Guide in the back of the book to help the novice figure out which records to buy, while the already converted can compare notes and fill in some gaps in their collections. To top everything off, there's a beautiful full-color cover by Rick Griffin done in the style of—what else?—the original S.F. psychedelic rock posters.

—J. D. King

### *Top Ten SF/Fantasy Paperbacks*

1. ***Dragonlance Chronicles #1: Dragons of Autumn Twilight*, Margaret Weis and Tracy Hickman (TSR)**
2. ***Dragonlance Chronicles #2: Dragons of Winter Night*, Margaret Weis and Tracy Hickman (TSR)**
3. ***Cocoon*, David Saperstein (Berkley)**
4. ***West of Eden*, Harry Harrison (Bantam)**
5. ***Vengeance of the Dancing Gods*, Jack L. Chalker (Del Rey/Ballantine)**
6. ***V: Death Tide*, A. C. Crispin and Deborah A. Marshall (Pinnacle)**
7. ***The Black Ship*, Christopher Rowley (Del Rey/Ballantine)**
8. ***Lifeforce*, Colin Wilson (Warner Books)**
9. ***Return to Oz*, Joan D. Vinge (Del Rey/Ballantine)**
10. ***Pretender*, Piers Anthony and Frances Hall (Tor)**

● "The screen is like a map for our dreams on which we may always travel, without ticket, tiredness or pain."

That's one of the great lines in **David Thomson**'s "novel," ***Suspects*** (Knopf). Thomson, an accomplished film critic, attempts to unite all the film noirs of past and present into a single universe where, for instance, Gene Hackman's character from *Night Moves*, Harry Moseby, is actually the son of another character from a well-known film of 1946. (To tell who would give away the plot, but clues are dropped throughout the narrative.) Weaving together the story lines of such films as *Chinatown, Casablanca, Laura, It's a Wonderful Life, The Shining,* and *Double Indemnity* to produce both a murder mystery and a meditation on the grim delights of viewing film noir, *Suspects* delivers some of the pleasures of Trivial Pursuit. Fans of film noir will have a field day, but anyone unacquainted with that noble genre may as well pass; the story demands the reader's familiarity with characters like Noah Cross, Walter Neff, Jimmy Doyle, Laura Hunt, Roy Earle, and Cody Jarrett before it begins to pay off. If you can follow the plot of *Out of the Past*, you're ready for *Suspects*.

—Mike Barson

● Whether you worshiped or despised them, Led Zeppelin ignited and defined the megabuck era of seventies stadium rock, not to mention the hearts and groins of our nation's adolescents, the *Billboard* charts, and album-oriented radio. ***Hammer of the Gods*** (William Morrow), **Stephen Davis**'s lyrical and lucid biography of Led Zeppelin, is a nonstop great read about the English supergroup that sowed the seeds of heavy metal. Against the anthems "Dazed and Confused," "Whole Lotta Love," and their epic masterpiece "Stairway to Heaven," Zeppelin's offstage performances hit incomparable heights of sexual excess, drug use, and hotel trashing. It's all here: guitar wizard Jimmy Page's preoccupation with fourteen-year-old girls and satanism; macho-mystical banshee singer Robert Plant's family tragedies; and archetypal rock drummer John "Bonzo" Bonham's alcoholism and untimely death in 1980, which caused the group to disband. Somewhat in the shadows is bassist John Paul Jones, although this in no way detracts from the book's sudden impact. Read it and relive it!

—Kyle Roderick

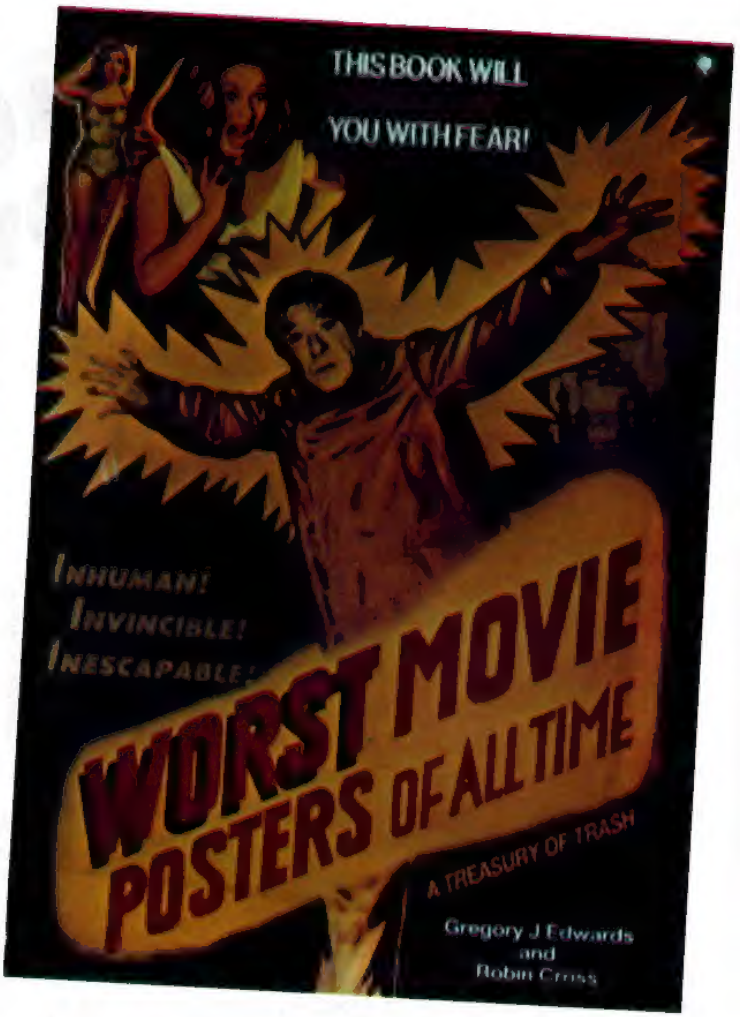
● Any book subtitled "A Treasury of Trash" has its heart in the right place. **Gregory J. Edwards** and **Robin Cross**'s ***Worst Movie Posters of All Time*** (Sphere) must be applauded and relished, even as the reader asks himself, "Couldn't this have been a whole lot better?" Printed in England—with gobs of four-color reproductions—*Worst Movie Posters* suffers from its (understandable) reliance on British-edition movie posters, often poorly colored and redrawn from the American originals. Some of the choices are less than inspired, even allowing for license in judging what truly is "worst." (Does that mean the worst art? the sleaziest subject matter? the tackiest blurb? the most ridiculous design? or all of the above?) Rather than dwell on the misfires, though, consider this partial listing of the titles reproduced: *Queen of Outer Space* (yes, Zsa Zsa Gabor on Venus in a cocktail gown); *The Amazing Colossal Man; Tarantula; The Deadly Mantis; Fire Maidens from Outer Space* (a splendid British cheapie, and the film lives up to the poster); *Ghost in the Invisible Bikini;* and *The Vampire and the Ballerina* (which gave me nightmares for a month after I saw it in 1962—so why am I the only person in the world who remembers it?). And, for those who enjoy sleaze *not* set in outer space, *Waterfront Women, Girl on the Run,* and *Wicked Woman* are on hand. Funny captions by the authors make this ten bucks well spent.

—Mike Barson

● There's a lot to like about **Norman Spinrad**'s ***Child of Fortune*** (Bantam). Wendi is a girl who just wants to have fun but has to grow up. She wanders over the planets, seeking her name and fortune. Wendi's seminal encounter is with the fabulous Pater Pan, who fertilizes her desire to become a ruespieller—another name for writer. The material of her art is the long history of Pater Pan, the eternal child who is also father to artistic ability. Wendi discovers that unlimited consumption of sex and drugs interferes with the work that makes a storyteller's art.

Spinrad relates *all* of Wendi's sex and drug experiences for almost five hundred pages. He uses the same future lingo devised for his previous novel, *The Void Captain's Tale,* which patches into English a limited lexicon from European and Asian languages. After a few hundred pages the episodes get tedious. Too often the mock-heroic style doesn't reach the comic flights demanded of this social satire. Instead, it's unbearably cute. That the author of notoriously cynical works like *Bug Jack Barron* would explore other attitudes is understandable, but there's no reason to sink this low.

—Constance Ash




● **Robert Crumb,** purveyor of fine u.g. comics, has kept personal sketchbooks through the years. In the past, these were talked about but never seen by the general public (except for rare appearances in mags like *US #1, Artistic Comics,* and *Punk #12*). In recent years, two volumes of sketches were collected—a 1966–67 book, and a November 1974 to January 1978 collection. Now a third volume has surfaced.

Like the previous two, ***The R. Crumb Sketchbook, July 1974 to January 1978*** (Zweitausendeins) is an exact reproduction of his personal sketchbook. It's hardcover, with 375 pages of drawings—hence the price tag of thirty bills. But compared to the price of most things nowadays, I'd call it something of a bargain.

More than that of any other cartoonist, Crumb's life has been an open book. A lot of his work is either directly or indirectly autobiographical. All imaginable aspects of his personal life and thoughts are run up the comic-book flagpole for the world to see—uncensored, unexpurgated, and undoctored. Unlike most of the others who've followed in these "self-referential" footsteps, Crumb remains humorous, insightful, and entertaining, if for no other reason than his honesty. This "open book" aspect takes on another dimension with the sketchbooks. This new one is made up of doodles; sketches; landscapes; still lifes; portraits of his wife (and fellow u.g. cartoonist), Aline, and various friends; verbal and visual quotes; and comments on contemporary society, styles, mores, hairdos, and general schlock. Astute Crumb fans will see the seeds of comics that would eventually bear fruit in such titles as *Best Buy, Weirdo,* and *Zap.*

If you're already one of the true believers, you'll want a copy. If you're new to Crumb, there's no time like the present to get wise. You may even want to check out the two previous sketchbooks—they're now scarce as hen's teeth, so act fast!

—J. D. King

● Children of the future, space-age groupies, and New Age hipsters, unite! **Star Magic**, with stores in San Francisco and New York, will satisfy most material and unearthly consumer needs. Don't know what to cook tonight? Take home an "astronaut space dinner": freeze-dried chicken and rice, peas, and instant chocolate pudding—an exact replica of NASA's. At $7.95, it comes in a nifty silver pouch decorated with interplanetary graphics. Star Magic carries an extensive selection of synthesized and environmental music, earthly and terrestrial globes, maps, and atlases, natural crystals, and high-tech jewelry. Holograms of all kinds are here; even holographic sunglasses. Get ready to track Halley's Comet in March 1986 with a specially designed telescope, or brush up on your comet lore with books from Star Magic's library of space and NASA subjects. Write for Star Magic's free catalog at either of their shops: Star Magic, 743 Broadway, New York, NY 10003, or Star Magic, 4026 24th Street, San Francisco, CA 94114.

—Kyle Roderick

● ***Love to Ten*** (distributed by Last Gasp)* collects all of **Robert Crumb**'s work which originally appeared in *Zap Comics #0–10*. This is the material that stood a lot of people's notions of comics on end and had the FBI pounding on the doors of the Print Mint. This is the material that sent scores of people to the drawing boards to try their hand at expressing themselves through cartooning and established a whole new genre of comic books. And this is the material that earned Crumb the title of America's preeminent underground (read hippie) cartoonist.

Crumb can no longer be considered a hippie cartoonist, but *Love to Ten* reminds us of when he was one with stories such as "Meatball," that strange enigmatic purveyor of enlightenment, "Whiteman," the personification of the uptight establishment, and "Joe Blow," a satirical incest story. This last story was the one that broke one too many taboos and had the FBI and local authorities confiscating copies until the courts ruled otherwise.

*Love to Ten* is more than worth the price just to read Crumb's *Zap* stories, which were so important to the development of comics in the late sixties. One would hope that a bound anthology would take pains to achieve the best possible reproduction of the art, but *Love to Ten* doesn't, and even finds it necessary to apologize for the quality of the reproduction! Still, *Love to Ten* is printed on white paper, and the reproduction in the original newsprint comic books was no great shakes to begin with, so apart from missing the color covers, I'm happy to see all this work in a single volume.

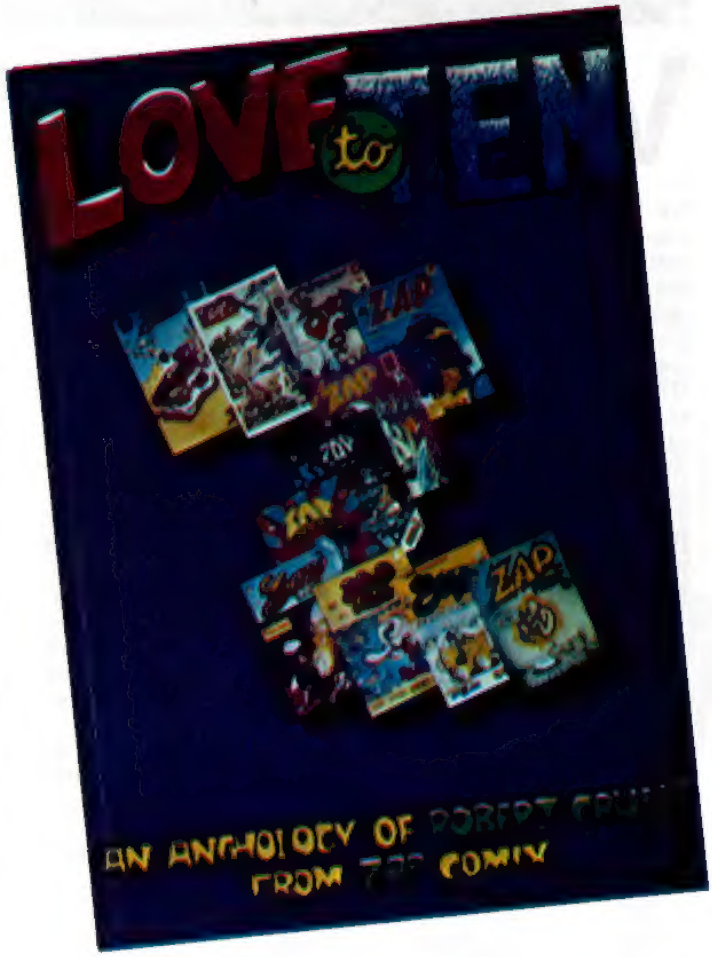
—Jay Kennedy

*Last Gasp, 2180 Bryant Street, San Francisco, CA 94110.

● Reading ***Carnival of Crime: The Best Mystery Stories of Fredric Brown*** (Southern Illinois University Press), a skillful selection of twenty-three nasty and original tales, one wonders what riches this fine writer might have earned had he written his twenty-eight novels and hundreds of short stories for today's market instead of yesteryear's pulp magazines. As well-known for his science fiction as for his mystery stories, Brown labored through three decades perfecting his craft. How good are the stories in *Carnival of Crime*? They range from merely very good ("The Joke," "Town Wanted") to classic ("Don't Look Behind You," "Granny's Birthday"). Brown could write anything, from a short-short story to an unpadded novelette, and the 290 pages in this collection (not counting the useful bibliography compiled by editors Francis M. Nevins, Jr. and Martin H. Greenberg) leave no doubt whatsoever that Brown was the O. Henry of his field. He didn't die a pauper, but at two cents a word, his writing never made him rich. It was a living.

On the other hand, we have the case of **Stephen King.** Easily as prolific as Brown, King has reaped rewards unprecedented for a genre writer. His novels routinely rush to number one on the bestseller lists, and just as quickly are turned into routine films. Now and then he puts out a short story collection; the latest is the elephantine ***Skeleton Crew*** (Putnam), a 500-page compilation of twenty stories and two poems that span the late sixties to the present. King gives his fans their money's worth in terms of bulk, but *Skeleton Crew* raises more questions than it answers about King's place in the pantheon of horror and suspense writers. The clumsiness, bad taste, clunky prose, and derivative plotting that have marred much of King's earlier work are very much present here, and it's hard to tell when King is worse: when he's striving for poetic effect ("The Reach") or indulging in EC-comic-book shocks ("Survivor Type," "Beachworld"). Of his "gift," King explains in his Notes that stories come to him when his muse shits upon his head. Hey, Steverino: Better check to make sure it ain't a pigeon.

—Mike Barson



A feudal effort.

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# Verhoeven's Fifth

He is virtually the only Dutch filmmaker whose work gets shown internationally. **Paul Verhoeven**, a youthful-looking forty-seven-year-old, has been a disturbing presence in his native Holland since his directorial debut in 1973. With its relentless exploration of sexual options, *Turkish Delight* was bound to become a hit, garnering an Oscar nomination along the way. But the director kept on surprising viewers with films such as *Soldier of Orange* (1978), about the humorous yet courageous feats of university students during the Nazi occupation of Holland; *Spetters* (1981), about working-class kids and their frustrations; and *The 4th Man* (1983), a haunting fantasy about a homosexual writer, a witch, and the fickle finger of fate.

While all his films scored at the box office in most markets, Dutch critics weren't especially enamored of the man who dared expose all that was provincial and parochial about their country. But audiences responded and Hollywood became aware of the man who gave the world a star of the magnitude of Rutger Hauer. Hauer, the star of such films as *Blade Runner*, *Nighthawks*, and *Ladyhawke*, was discovered by Verhoeven in 1969, when he cast him in an *Ivanhoe*-like series for Dutch TV, and he has appeared in most of the director's pictures.

The two resumed their collaboration on ***Flesh and Blood***, an American-financed medieval adventure shot in Spain, which tells the story of a band of mercenaries who help the deposed mayor of a city regain power. Acts of treachery, violence, and lust abound as Verhoeven paints a striking canvas of a troubled Europe in the 1600s.

—Dan Yakir

***Heavy Metal***: What is your notion of the Middle Ages?
**Paul Verhoeven**: It was a period of extremes, something which is very hard to come by in Holland today, since it's such a socialized country. In order to say something poignant about contemporary life, I felt compelled to go back in time. *Soldier of Orange* took place in World War II, where issues of life and death were a matter of course. This is even more true of the Middle Ages.
***HM***: Do you see the film as presenting a metaphor?
**PV**: Yes, for nowadays. I try to use the elements from the Middle Ages that are still relevant. For example, biological warfare, which was normal then: they poisoned wells, brought pestilence by means of dead animals. . . .

I wasn't interested in making a fairy tale or a romanticized look at the period. *Flesh and Blood* has nothing to do with films like *Excalibur* or characters like Merlin. It's gory and brutal. Very down to earth. There is a very explicit rape scene, which an aristocratic young girl kidnapped by the mercenaries is subjected to. Cruel doings.
***HM***: What about the look of the film?
**PV**: There are no bright colors in it. Brightness of color gives a twentieth-century feeling. We worked in gray, brown, dark reds, and greens. The bad weather actually helped us get the right look. You see, gray skies look like history. A bright blue sky is Walt Disney.
***HM***: Why were you so determined to make a realistic film? Aren't you tempted by imaginary pursuits?
**PV**: Never. I always keep reality under control. Maybe it has to

do with the fact that I hold a Ph.D. in mathematics and physics . . . I don't know. At twenty-four, I was very close to losing my grip on reality—I almost joined a religious cult: Pentecostal Christianity, which advocates Christ's presence all around, and the ability to create miracles, to heal. . . . Anyway, I almost joined the cult, which is why I depicted such a character in *Spetters*: there's a girl who joins this cult but, after seeing that God doesn't help a paraplegic she cares for, she decides to become a nurse instead.

You see, I studied math and physics, but at the same time I took courses in parapsychology, telepathy. I guess it had to do with mystical feelings that I had, but I studied these subjects scientifically. Maybe it was my way of rebelling against the abstract, logical nature of math.

***HM***: In *The 4th Man* you do get into the occult and fantasy.

**PV**: Yes, in that film I show the coexistence of reality and fantasy. There are two ideas—or levels—in the film: one suggests that everything has a logical explanation and the only perversion is in the mind of this alcoholic, homosexual writer. The other is that he is indeed right and the woman he encounters is a witch who gives all involved the evil eye. . . .

These two visions are, in fact, what religion is all about. Christianity—the belief in Christ and the Resurrection—is also a fantasy. It hasn't been proven. It's either true or not. The discovery that Christ's grave was empty was either real—maybe his friends, or the Romans took away the body—or it really was a resurrection.

***HM***: You've said that imagination is not your bag. Yet, as a writer and director, you have to deal with it all the time. How do you create? How do you lose yourself?

**PV**: I don't. In the last ten years, I've been having a real problem reading a novel. I feel I'm wasting my time. I prefer reading autobiographies or watching documentaries, because they're about reality.

Most of my work has been based on true events or autobiographical novels or newspaper items. I'd have a real problem doing an *E.T.* I wouldn't be able to believe in something like that. I wouldn't care enough to invest two years of my life in it, because there's no reality to it. I try to stay as close to reality as possible. *The 4th Man* is as far from it as I could possibly go. I wanted to show the difference between reality and fantasy, to show that you can color one into becoming the other.

***HM***: How are your films received in Holland?

**PV**: Until *The 4th Man*, critics there hated my films. Audiences loved them, but critics were offended, especially by *Spetters*, by what it said about Dutch reality. They claimed life wasn't like that. They thought it was too violent, that its sexuality was too explicit and too detached from love. But it is, often! That's the way fucking is. There are gang rapes in Rotterdam and homosexuals are often robbed and attacked. I dared to show all that in *Spetters*.

***HM***: Did the criticism bother you?

**PV**: It made life very difficult, because it was constant and directed at me personally. I had trouble financing my next film, and the government also felt it was "anti-Dutch," although they wouldn't say that. And they hated the fact that mine were the only Dutch films to be shown around the world. I like Holland—it's a wonderful country, with a good democracy and good social institutions—but there are problems and they don't want to hear about them. They also resent success. You're supposed to be "normal." Average is best.

***HM***: Why are your films so sexually explicit? You certainly don't believe in holding back.

**PV**: That's right. Lots of people have sexual problems or preconceptions about sex. A lot of people came to me after *Turkish Delight* and thanked me for showing sex as fun, and for showing some acts as acceptable. I don't always think sex has to do with love, but it's okay as long as you can look into each other's eyes. Trust, understanding, mutual acceptance are sufficient reasons to sleep together. Most people close their eyes in sex and aren't there anymore when they come. Maybe I believe in being there.

***HM***: There is a recurring homosexual motif in your films.

**PV**: Yes. People today still feel that homosexuality isn't normal, which is complete nonsense. I based the hero of *The 4th Man* on an uncle of mine who's gay and has had a "friend" for forty years. It's the best marriage I've ever seen. Most married people hate each other. Gerard Soeteman [the screenwriter] and I wanted to prove that homosexuality can invite loyalty and trust.

***HM***: In *The 4th Man*, the homosexual fantasy never gets fulfilled. Why?

**PV**: The notion was that the minute the writer feels he can have the handsome guy he's been after, Death steps out and says, "You won't!" If you get what you want, it's boring. It's getting there, being on the verge of something, that's exciting. Frustration is a good dramatic device. In real life, you never get what you want. And when you do, it's a bore. The pleasure is in the process, not the result.

***HM***: There's a scene in church, in which the hero imagines his object of desire on the cross, with an erection.

**PV**: The author on whose novel the script was based describes in several books scenes of masturbation in front of the altar, characters going to church to fondle Christ—the idea of fucking God. He was taken to court for blasphemy fifteen years ago. He said, "God is in a donkey, and I want to fuck him!" That gave him immediate notoriety in Holland. He has a good eye for publicity. His name is Gerard Reve. He held a marriage ceremony with his gay lover in church, in front of the TV cameras. But he does it all with a wink, humorously.

***HM***: Do you see Rutger Hauer as your alter ego?

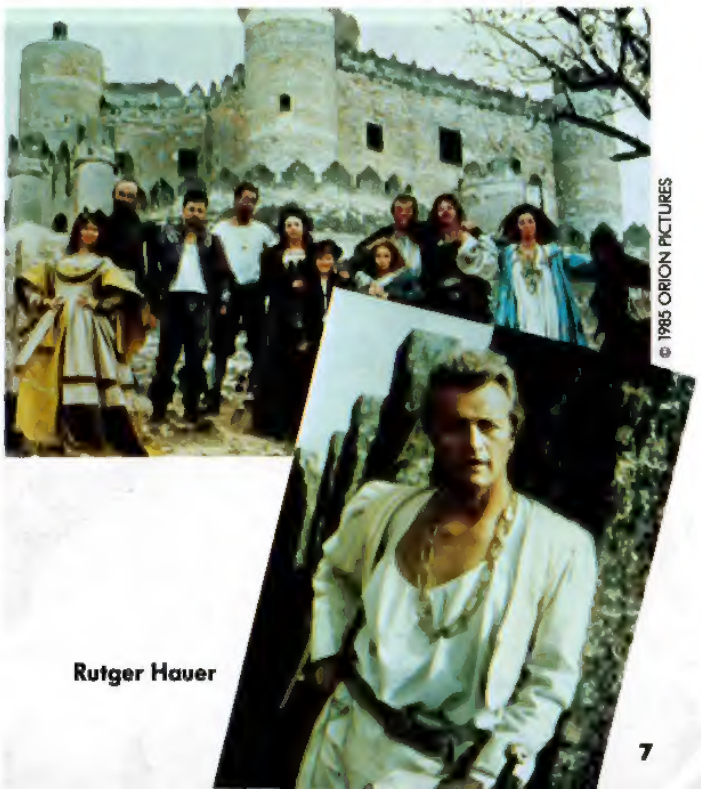
**PV**: Oh, yes. There's something about him that I like extremely. It's not the way I'd like to see myself exactly, but, as I once said, if I were gay, I'd fall in love with Rutger. With his face and manner, even when he does cruel things in my films, I still feel it's acceptable.

***HM***: Would you like to make American films from now on?

**PV**: Yes, and maybe *Flesh and Blood* is the beginning. But to make "real" American films about "real" American culture is very difficult. As a European, you can't pick all that up after a short stay. I'd start with historical films and after a few years, with better knowledge of the language and culture, I could do that. You need to know how to make a phone call, how people react to things, in order to make a film about that. There's a real cultural gap.

***HM***: Are you a pessimist?

**PV**: Yes, but although all my films end on a melancholic note—death, suicide—there's also a feeling of hope. I believe small improvements are possible in life, but they're indeed small. ■



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**Rutger Hauer**

# She Came and She Went

*by Larry Sloman*

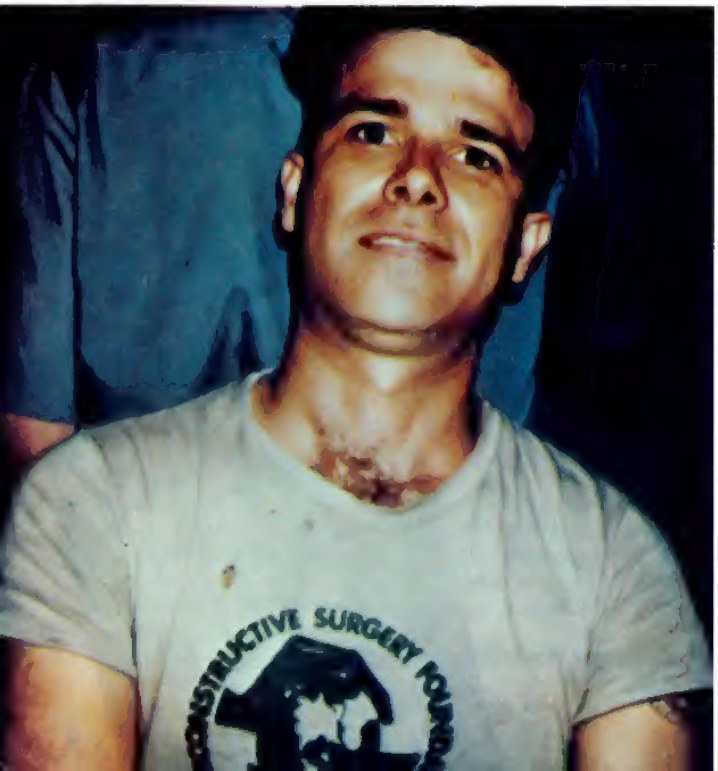
I owe this column to **Vale**. Vale is an Oriental of indeterminate age (he looks about twenty-five but rumor has it he's hit the big four-oh) who worked for years at the City Lights Bookstore in San Francisco. He stacked books and then he went home to his nearby loft—on a winding side street just off the Tenderloin district and a stone's throw from Carol Doda's silicone breasts—where he operated a small typesetting business. All this industry so that he and his partner **Andrea Juno** could publish what was and remains to this date the hippest periodical in America.

It used to be called *Search and Destroy* magazine, and it was offset on cheap pulp with black-and-white graphics that totally reflected the punk aesthetic that leaped off the pages. But Vale was one literate punk. He idolized William Burroughs, knew Brion Gysin backwards and sideways and cut up, and was a devotee of the great English futurist J. G. Ballard, so along with the obligatory articles on the Sex Pistols and the Dead Kennedys and Eraserhead, there would be long treatises on Breton or de Sade or Russ Meyer.

A few years back, Vale decided to pack in the old format and put out a new, slicker, more modern magazine devoted to one theme each time out. He even got a grant of sorts from that woman cop on *Hill Street Blues*—Betty Thomas—and ***ReSearch*** was born. His first issue was devoted entirely to William Burroughs and Brion Gysin.

I met Vale in the summer of 1982. My friend Charles Gatewood, who is kind of the Weegee of today's counterculture, told me to look him up when I hit San Fran. So I did, and Vale took me back to his loft and I lost myself in his gargantuan book collection. Vale, like me, is a student of deviance, so he kept hopping from room to room pulling out books like *Anamolies and Curiosities of Medicine* and *The Secret Museum of Mankind* and *The Secret Societies of All Ages and Countries*. Later, Vale and Andrea and I walked around the corner to Enrico's Cafe, a bohemian outpost of much renown, and Vale whipped out his little black book.

Vale is a total enthusiast—of books, of records, of obscure horror films, of gore clippings, and, of course, of weird people. "You're going to L.A., you *must* look up **Johanna Went**. She's incredible, she's a *real* artist."




CATHERINE HAZARD

A few days later I was in Hollywood, and I met up with Johanna at Al's Bar, an arty hangout in the seedy downtown section of L.A. She was there to see her friends the Fibonnacis play. Johanna is a petite redhead with a smile which, when unleashed, can melt steel. But she was mostly serious, working two jobs at the time, scraping together enough money so she could do her art.

It's hard for Johanna to exactly talk about her art, because she does performances, and her performances are of the nature of trance-gressions. That is to say, Johanna creates replicas of cherished icons of American culture, things like the Statue of Liberty, and Dad-as-dummy, and Mommy's Vagina, and she gets onstage and to the accompaniment of loud industrial rhythms (performed live and on tape by improvising musicians), she enters a trance state and begins to violate these objects guided by sheer unconscious will.

Unfortunately, I never saw any evidence of this while we were hanging out in L.A., since Johanna was between shows. She spent that time foraging around in thrift stores, butcher shops, and garbage bins amassing the raw materials for her next performance. She also took me to her favorite Thai restaurant, a little storefront near her house, where we talked about her working-class childhood in Seattle, and her early days as an agitprop street theater performer, and her favorite horror movies.

Johanna and I kept in touch over the years, and recently she made a rare trip to New York. She came with her slides, since doing a whole show was cost-prohibitive, and she made the alphabet club circuit. The slides were impressive, especially a performance she did last summer in L.A. in honor of the Olympics. It was called "Knife Boxing," and the poster showed a close-up of Johanna in boxer regalia, holding two rather ominous-looking knives in her Everlast gloves. She told me she had a video of that performance, so she came over to show it.

It was at the Lingerie in L.A., and Johanna came out dressed like a boxer. She then proceeded to (not necessarily in this order) pull huge foam-rubber tampons out of a gaping vagina and fling them at the audience, who proceeded to throw them right back at her; disembowel a dummy and pull out a long string of bloody sausages; get into a dress/cape she devised that features a long string of doll faces she took off porno dolls; and dress up in a Statue of Liberty outfit that had a pump hooked in that spewed what looked like blood all over the audience.

"Is that real blood?" I asked Johanna.

She answered without taking her eyes off the video. "Nah," she said, "I make my own stage blood. You can't use real blood, it gets too thick and black and it really starts to stink. Plus it's got all sorts of diseases in it." She screwed up her face.

Back on the screen, she was alternating between flinging huge strips of foam rubber into the audience and grabbing the mike and emitting eerie shaman squeals. She was transfixed, all right. It was a great performance and a fitting tribute to the Olympic spirit.

As soon as the video was over, Johanna jumped up and threw another tape on. "This is **Mark Pauline**'s tape. It's really great." Pauline is another of those conceptual artists that Vale had umbrellaed under the rubric "industrial culture." Pauline is a guy who grew up being generally antisocial in Florida. He arrived in San Francisco in 1978 and began mutilating billboards and pouring nitric acid/urine combinations into bank night-deposit boxes when his bank threat posters were prematurely removed. Finally, he harnessed all this art-energy into creating scary machines with personalities that would be surrogate performers and blow themselves and each other up during the shows.

Pauline suffers for his art, literally. When he got impatient with a can of rocket fuel he was brewing up a few years ago, he

◀ **Mark Pauline: an artist who literally bled for his art.**

struck it with a hammer, and the next thing he knew, he was staring at the charred remains of the bones of his right hand. It isn't much safer being in the audience of one of Mark's performances, as some viewers have been known to exit with shrapnel wounds. "I always like to think I can stir up trouble," Mark told Vale. "It excites me to think that I can annoy people in a way that confuses them."

We watched one of Pauline's performances, watched machines hop around and spew bowling balls and BB's and attack huge human masks and belch fire and smoke and chase dead rabbits that had been customized so they could try to escape thanks to their mechanical innards, and I was impressed with what the left coast was doing in this area. Why wasn't anybody doing anything like this here in New York? I lamented out loud.

"We have more space out there," Johanna explained.

She was right. Here, in the bowels of the industrial culture, we have Laurie Anderson playing back her telephone-answering-machine messages to an audience full of fatcat Manhattan culture brokers who think it all so daring, the way she makes her voice sound like a man's. Then they leave the posh auditorium and get into their Mercedeses. Thankfully, there are people like Mark Pauline who are sitting on the roof of that building across the street, gun in hand, blowing out their tires and cackling like a madman. ■

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*NOTE. A half-hour video bio of Mark Pauline is available from ReSearch Publishing, 20 Romolo #B, San Francisco, CA 94133. Mark Pauline's videotapes are available from Target Video, 678 S. Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94110. Johanna Went's tapes and albums are available from Johanna Went, P.O. Box 291071, Los Angeles, CA 90029.*

# Brian Aldiss: Helliconia Calling

Frank Herbert is known for *Dune*. Robert Heinlein is known for his Future History stories. Isaac Asimov is known for his Foundation novels. Harlan Ellison is known for his sucker punch. And Brian Aldiss is known for . . . for . . .

Actually, there *is* no one series or concept that is synonymous with the name of Brian Aldiss, despite the fact that the Britisher has won virtually every major award science fiction has to offer during his thirty-two-year career (see box). In fact, Aldiss for many years had a very high profile, as his traditional (albeit excellent) work of the fifties and early sixties was transformed into the taboo-shattering, wildly experimental themes and forms that Aldiss introduced in *New Worlds* magazine. More recently, the bad boy of Britain has gone straight; indeed, his Helliconia trilogy shows every sign of becoming Aldiss's Foundation trilogy or *Dune*. This is the same writer who was nearly tarred and feathered by the sf community for breaking all their cherished rules with books like *Barefoot in the Head*, *Report from Probability A*, and *The Eighty-Minute Hour* a few years back.

Born in the small town of East Dereham, England, sixty years ago, Brian Wilson Aldiss spent much of his childhood attending boarding schools and daydreaming over issues of *Wonder Stories* and *Astounding*. He then enlisted in the British army, where he served in the Royal Corps of Signals in Burma as an adjunct of the Indian army. (Which explains why Aldiss resembles a cast member from *The Jewel in the Crown*.) Released from service in 1948, Aldiss decided to make use of the countless hours he had spent reading genre fiction (what else is there to do on a long Burmese night?) by becoming a professional writer

His first published science fiction story, "Criminal Record," appeared in *Science Fantasy* magazine in 1954. Stardom was not immediately foisted upon Aldiss, but he hung on until his first big reward: being named Most Promising Writer of 1959 at the World Science Fiction Convention, an honor that brought Aldiss his first Hugo statuette. ("It's a ghastly-looking thing, y'know.") More Hugos and Nebulas and other strange-sounding awards followed, and Aldiss dutifully accepted them and hid them in his coal bin. But by the mid-sixties Aldiss was bored with the constraints of conventional sf, and began guerrilla warfare in the pages of *New Worlds* magazine. Suddenly the Aldiss name was reviled from shore to shore, as his Acid Wars saga and other impolite notions caused sf fans and pros alike to gnash their teeth and be mean to their dogs. Aldiss accepted the slings and arrows gracefully, stored them alongside his Hugos, and kept writing.

And today, once again, he is the darling of the critics. But—at last report—respectability isn't fatal, and Brian Aldiss wouldn't succumb to it even if it were. Which only goes to show that you can be the best science fiction writer in the world and still be a bad boy at heart.

—Mike Barson

***Heavy Metal***: Completing an intricate story such as the Helliconia trilogy must have been a great relief for you. Do you think you'll tackle the epic trilogy form again, or have you had enough?

**Brian Aldiss**: I was the right age to take on something like Helliconia. I've got a lot of writing experience, a lot of life experience, but I'm not yet gaga. But one trilogy was enough for me. It takes so much strength to do a story on this scale; I really wouldn't want to start it all over again now.

***HM***: Now that it's complete, are you pleased with what you did with the Helliconia trilogy?

**BA**: Oh, yes. You know, part of the impulse to write Helliconia was to get on my horse again and write a big, solid novel that no one could say wasn't sf.

***HM***: Which was a charge leveled at some of your experimental novels, such as *Report on Probability A*. Did the controversy and criticism bother you?

**BA**: Not really. With *Report*, I came nearest to doing what I set out to do. I *knew* what I wanted to do in it, and I feel I did it. But, yes, it received a cool response. Why? Perhaps because it was just too much of a surprise. I'd always thought science fiction was *about* surprise; that a novel that took you by the throat was what everyone loved. It was what *I* loved most—that wonderful sense of dislocation that the best sf induced. So when I wrote *Report*, I expected everyone to be so pleased, because here was a profoundly dislocating story, a mind-blower.

Well, I miscalculated. In England they *hated* it; over here there was just a stunned silence. Everyone was asking, "What is this shit Aldiss *doing*? He's finished; it's all over; he can't even think of a bloody plot." It was really quite funny, the vehemence of the response. But now *Report* is in its fifth printing, which proves what I've always thought: the science fiction readership is willing to keep working at something until they understand it. They're extraordinarily hungry for an intellectual challenge.

***HM***: Actually, you've survived with more glory than most of the new-wave writers with whom you appeared in *New Worlds* back in the sixties

**BA**: The new-wave movement of the sixties wasn't the first new wave in sf, you know. In the fifties, Horace Gold's approach with *Galaxy* magazine seemed quite revolutionary and radical. *New Worlds* went even further, I suppose: they were *trying* to offend people. But you must remember that, before the break, British sf was in a sorry state. Most of it was a pallid imitation of the U.S. stuff. Except for Arthur Clarke and John Wyndham, we had no voices of our own. So at *New Worlds* we had to chuck out the old shags who were still doing those awful imitations.

***HM***: What about the shags of today? Do you see a strong field out there now producing vital, original works of science fiction?

**BA**: I must say that, at the moment, there seems to be a great deal of stagnation in the field. No natural subversives have popped up to take the place of Philip Dick.

Maybe Dick *isn't* dead; maybe he's still alive, and all the rest of us are characters in one of his novels, in one of those horrible worlds where we're doomed to repeat our mistakes over and over. That's the best explanation for Reagan, isn't it? Yes, I believe Dick is out there right now—laughing away. What I loved most about him was, he had the pure quill, and he never deserted science fiction.

***HM***. There seems to be a lot of back-to-basics sf coming out these days, stuff that consciously is striving for the feel of the thirties.

**BA:** Nostalgia doesn't interest me; it's an awful disease, and everyone today seems infected with it. Too many British science fiction writers seem to have retreated into a small, England-as-the-universe kind of sf. It's very insular, and it doesn't talk to the world as the best sf should.

***HM***: And then you have fantasy, which you could say doesn't talk to the world at all.

**BA:** Fantasy really is literature for teenagers. Teenagers don't have a lot of money, but what they do have is a lot of time. So they'll read all nine volumes of Stephen Donaldson, or whomever. I think the chief appeal of fantasy is its magical monetary system. Everyone always ends up with a pot of gold at the end, as if money were the answer to everything. I suppose to a teenager it might seem as though it is. But I have a sequence in one of the Helliconia books where money is invented, creating all sorts of problems and disasters that didn't exist before. That's the difference between sf and fantasy.

***HM***: You once went on record as saying that all genres eventually wear out. That would suggest that science fiction is in danger of succumbing to entropy after a while. Or do you see that already happening?

**BA:** That did used to puzzle me. But now I don't look upon science fiction as a genre at all. Rather, it *contains* genres: space opera, the catastrophe novel, and so on. Science fiction is too big to be a genre. The term "sf" is really just a publishing category. There's no reason why authors need subscribe to someone's limitations of the term. If you think of science fiction as a *mode*, it's much easier to write. That way one can move smoothly from one mode to another without having to worry whether or not he's writing science fiction.

***HM***. After thirty years of being an outlaw in the field, breaking rules as fast as they could be made, do you ever feel just plain tired? Setting the pace as you have for so long must be quite an ordeal. Do you want to come in from the cold?

**BA:** I'll answer that with a story. My old editor at Doubleday was Larry Ashmead, a terrific chap. But when I sent him *Barefoot in the Head*—the Acid Wars story I had run as a serial in *New Worlds*—he told me, "I like it, Brian, but no one else will. But here's an extra five hundred dollars for trying." After the book came out I realized he was right; I just didn't fit into the system. For a while I felt depressed. But then I thought to myself, Why had I become a writer in the first place? Because I wasn't fit for society. So of course I wouldn't fit into the system. And realizing that, I felt much better! ■

**Report on Probability Aldiss:**

Awards, Citations, and Parking Tickets

**MOST PROMISING NEW AUTHOR:** Hugo Special Citation, 1958

**BEST NOVEL:** *Hothouse* (*The Long Afternoon of Earth*, U.S.); Hugo Award, 1962

**BEST NOVELLA:** "The Saliva Tree"; Nebula Award, 1965

**MOST POPULAR BRITISH SF WRITER:** British Science Fiction Award, 1969

**WORLD'S BEST CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE FICTION AUTHOR:** Ditmar Award, 1970

**BEST COLLECTION:** *The Moment of Eclipse*; British Science Fiction, 1972

**EXCELLENCE IN SCIENCE FICTION CRITICISM:** James Blish Award, 1977



*Raving and Drooling*

# The Science-Fictional Stigmata of Barry Malzberg

So far, the best writing about science fiction has come not from professional critics or outside observers, but from guys who also write the stuff—like Damon Knight (*In Search of Wonder* and *The Futurians*), Brian Aldiss (*Billion Year Spree*), Samuel Delany (*The Jewel-Hinged Jaw*), Alexei and Cory Panshin (*SF in Dimension*), and Algis Budrys (a decade's worth of monthly book reviews for *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*). This is true not because they as a group know more (though that's frequently the case) or think better (ditto), but that they bring with them the passion of personal involvement, the knowledge of insiders, the writing skills of professional entertainers, and—most important—the fact that most of them are deeply twisted individuals. SF is an incestuous little world, so tightly knit that it has bent with the strain, and reading insider assessments is a bit like quizzing a twitching outpatient on the success of his/her electroshock therapy.

Bringing us rather pertinently to **Barry N. Malzberg** and his recent collection of essays, ***The Engines of the Night: Science Fiction of the Eighties*** (Bluejay). Malzberg's writing—fiction and non—is all of a piece: seething with corrosive passions; obsessed with madness, betrayal, and failure; and gripped by an autoerotic stranglehold of self-loathing. At his best Malzberg synthesizes this stuff into morbidly hilarious fictions, like *Herovit's World*, where the mindless pulp sf to which writer Jonathan Herovit has chained his creative and financial fortunes rises up to engulf him in the abyss of psychotic senility. Another personal fave is a sleazy, semi-porn novel called *The Spread*, packaged in generic anonymity and billed as "Leisure Books' Inflation Fighter #1: Unbeatable Books at Unbeatable Prices!" (Kilgore Trout's got nothing on Malzberg.) It tells the story of an Al Goldstein-like sex-tabloid publisher whose unsavory product not only pitches him into madness, but takes on a chilling life of its own as well. That the author signed his own name to this book (likewise his other sex novels: *Screen, Oracle at a Thousand Hands*, and *In My Parents' Bedroom*, the last being the world's only porno book epigraphed with a Delmore Schwartz quote), and then, a couple of years ago, inscribed a copy presented to him with a weary "Another three-day wonder," tells us something of the man's tragically complex psychology. *The Engines of the Night* tells us more. Too much, I think.

Through the ventriloquism of fiction, the insane ravings of Malzberg's characters seem like bitterly giddy exaggerations of the world in cross section. You can recognize the kernel of truth beneath the furious huffing and puffing, and presume that the author's as fully cognizant of his disproportionate skewing of reality as you are. But *The Engines of the Night* strips away all artifice; there is no distance between this author and his fiction. Herovit's world is also Malzberg's. (Art intimates life.) Science fiction, in all its debased glory, is the unworthy weapon Barry Malzberg has chosen to bludgeon himself with.

This is a profoundly depressing book—partly for the author's intended reasons (his bleak picture of sf, which I'm in basic agreement with)—mostly because of the sordid way it reveals Malzberg hopelessly ensnared in. This is the trap of self-loathing, rancorous competitiveness, petty jealousy, and debilitating hatred. He smears the entire sf world with his own worst fears about himself, projecting onto it his own miseries, paranoid obsessions, and belief system of demons and tormenting spirits. Barry Malzberg put all his hope in the hollow sf dream, and it failed him miserably. Insanity, alcoholism, and suicide await the poor sap entering sf without the emotional shielding of a cynical hack. Anyone who, like Malzberg, harbors bright, optimistic hopes and high ideals is doomed. Science fiction is a curse, a contagion, a fatal weakness, a life sentence without parole, a skidrow alleyway littered with the human detritus of its cruel, perfumed deception.

You probably think I'm exaggerating. "Oh, come on, Lou," you're muttering. "You're layin' it on a bit thick, aren't you?" I wish I were. Barry Malzberg has victimized himself with a pathetically juvenile, romantic delusion of reality. He is like the child who's never learned that misery is self-induced, that yes, the world is an ugly place (so?) but that he traps holding tight to your wretched life are of your own design. The sf community has been transposed into Malzberg's family of the mind (a common enough syndrome among adolescent fans, but this guy should know better), and he bitterly resents that family for not applauding and rewarding his efforts. (Somehow, a succession of "three-day wonders" doesn't seem like the best way to a family's heart. . . .) Lost spring, at the Science Fiction Writers of America's Nebula Awards banquet, Malzberg was in an uncharacteristically jubilant mood. The reason? He'd sold a novel to Del Rey Books, chief purveyors of the sort of puerile trips Jonathan Herovit so despised himself for writing. "A final vindication," he called it. Sounds suspiciously like familial acceptance to me (final judgment is reserved until *The Remaking of Sigmund Freud* comes out). But whatever it is, a man of Malzberg's talent and vision shouldn't need anyone else's validation to tell him he's okay. His work has already done it.

Needing a good tonic to restore my flagging spirits, I groped around the bookshelf and found two. ***The Pale Shadow of Science*** (Serconia Press) is a collection of recent, varied nonfictions by **Brian Aldiss**, one of the most articulate, modulated-by-thought voices in the chatter-filled sf monkey house. Ah, sanity! The thirteen pieces assembled here are apportioned into three sections: first, three bits of autobiography (filling in some blanks left by his evocative chapter in *Hell's Cartographers*), followed by six single-author sf studies (a good eulogy for Philip Dick, astute examinations of Orwell, Stapledon, and Mary Shelley, a minor ramble on Blish, and a truly awful appreciation of Harry Harrison), caboosed by four sf overviews. It's here—in an address on the role of science and prediction in sf delivered to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and in an essay defending his choice of *Frankenstein* as sf's true beginning—that Aldiss shines. Arriving by implication at a working near-definition of sf, he points to Mary Shelley's conscious evocation of post-Industrial Revolution science to achieve her novel's magical ends. "This is qualitatively different from being carried to the Moon accidentally by migratory geese, or being shipwrecked on Lilliput, or summoning up the devil, or creating life out of spit and mud. Victor Frankenstein makes a rational decision: he operates on the world, rather than vice versa." Then, by contrasting the imaginative play, or "undirected thought," of H. G. Wells's early work (*The Time Machine*) with the more didactically predictive later stuff (*The Shape of Things to Come*), which, in Wells's own terminology, is the product of more rational, scientific "directed thought," he draws a telling distinction between good science and good literature. Sf might be a rational response to the world, he says, but it is most effective when couched in the language of dreams.

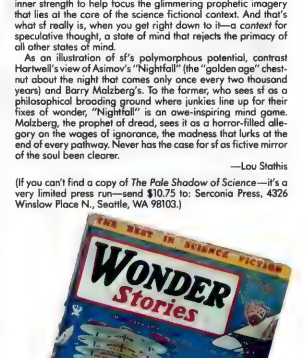
More sanity, and further level-headed scrutiny of the sf essence, comes from **David Hartwell** in ***Age of Wonders*** (Walker). Though not a writer by trade, Hartwell is certainly an insider (probably the best sf editor currently working, having initiated the noble but defunct Timescape program, and presently consulting for Arbor House and Tor), with the added bonus of weighty academic credentials in medieval literature. All this, apparently, more than makes up for his (as far as I can tell) not being too twisted, because *Age of Wonders* is probably the best overview of the sf phenomenon (dealing extensively with both cause and effect) I've come across. Though I might disagree with his rosy outlook (he parrots the hoary assertion that sf readers embrace change—anyone who's observed the crowds at sf conventions, and looked over what they prefer to read, knows that they are, if anything, more instinctively locked into the past and fearful of the future than their "mundane" brothers), his observations—delivered in a smoothly readable, unpretentious style suitable for specialist and non-sf reader alike—have undeniable validity, and provide valuable insight into the motivations of one of the guys responsible for what we get to read (similar books by other editors—Donald Wollheim and Lester Del Rey—have been boring and next to useless).

I do, however, echo his rallying cry for the preservation of the "speciainess" of sf in its ideal state (one that's precious hard to find), what he calls "the need for independence, the clarity of vision that will allow the field to endure the tension between art and money without fleeing its own center of being, diluting or rejecting its own traditional virtues." That's not hermetic isolation or ghettoization he's talking about, but a concentration of inner strength to help focus the glimmering prophetic imagery that lies at the core of the science fictional context. And that's what of really is, when you get right down to it—a *context* for speculative thought, a state of mind that rejects the primacy of all other states of mind.

As an illustration of sf's polymorphous potential, contrast Hartwell's view of Asimov's "Nightfall" (the "golden age" chestnut about the night that comes only once every two thousand years) and Barry Malzberg's. To the former, who sees sf as a philosophical brooding ground where junkies line up for their fixes of wonder, "Nightfall" is an awe-inspiring mind game. Malzberg, the prophet of dread, sees it as a horror-filled allegory on the wages of ignorance, the madness that lurks at the end of every pathway. Never has the case for sf as fictive mirror of the soul been clearer.

—Lou Stathis

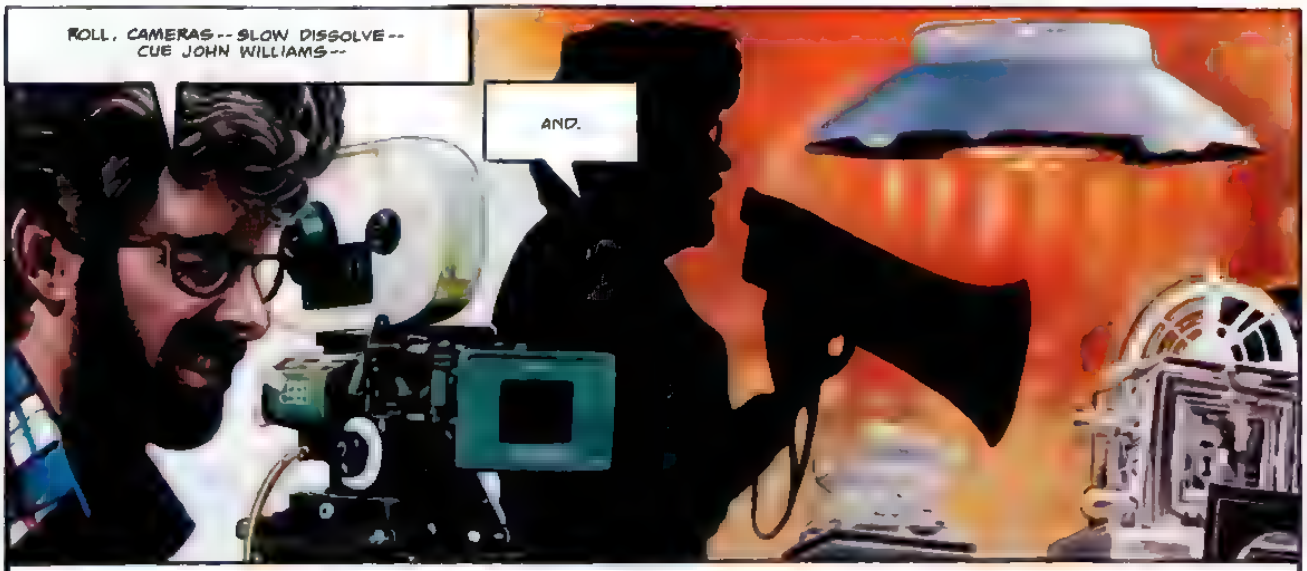
(If you can't find a copy of *The Pale Shadow of Science*—it's a very limited press run—send $10.75 to: Serconia Press, 4326 Winslow Place N., Seattle, WA 98103.)



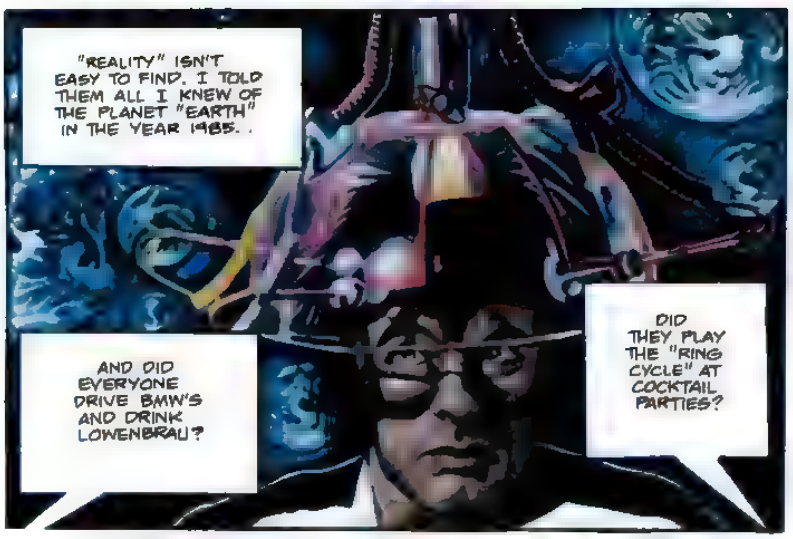
by Rod Kierkegaard, Jr.

TREK OPERA
CAPTAIN'S LOG, STARDATE, ETC
THREE PASSENGERS ARE BEAMED ABOARD THE STARSHIP "INTERCOURSE"--
--THE GALAXY'S MOST NOTORIOUS CRIMINAL, HIS WIFE, AND THEIR MUTANT CHILD
SPOCK? WHERE'S DR SPOCK? THIS CHILD NEEDS MEDICAL CARE!
I'M RIGHT HERE, CAPTAIN, REHEARSING MY NEW ALBUM--
I'D LOVE TO MAKE LOVE TO YOOO
SCOTTY HERE, CAPTAIN--THE GENERATORS HAVE BEEN SABOTAGED! WE'RE GOING INTO WARP SPACE-- AND THE SHIP CAN'T TAKE THE STRAIN!
CUT! CUT!
ALRIGHT, I'VE WARNED YOU ABOUT THIS-- AND NOW I'VE GOT A COURT ORDER TO BACK ME UP. NO MORE SATIRE!
BUT WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?
GET REAL, BUDDY-- THAT'S WHAT! FORGET THE STUPID JOKES AND THE SO-CALLED "FANTASY" I WANT TO SEE THE NEXT THREE PAGES SET FIRMLY IN REALITY!

PARA-NORMAL AIRLINES ANNOUNCES THE CONTINUING DELAY OF FLIGHT 302 TO REALITY. PASSENGERS ARE ADVISED TO REMAIN IN THE LOUNGE ANOTHER NIGHT
I TOLOJA WE SHOULDA TOOK THE SCENICRUISER, RALPH!
TO THE MOON, ALICE!
DADDY, DADDY- I'M ARSICK!
BUT WE AIN'T EVEN BOARDED THE PLANE!
YEAH, BUT I TOOK ALL THE FREE FOOD VOUCHERS THE AIRLINE GAVE US AND--
BLAAT!
(PROLONGED LAUGHTER)
WAAAH, RICKY!
(HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER)
CUT, CUT, CUT--
YOU CALL THIS "REALITY?" THERE'S NO CONTINUITY HERE, NO SCRIPT CONTROL, NO NOTHING! LOOK, JUST AS A FAVOR, I'LL HELP YOU OUT--
I GOTTA KILL THAT BOY--I JUST GOTTA!
AW--WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW?




AFTER I HAD BEEN SENTENCED TO "REALITY," THE THREE OF US WERE BROUGHT ABOARD A UFO PILOTED BY TWO CREATURES NAMED FRED AND ETHEL -- WHO SEEMED TO POSSESS NO PARTICULAR GENDER, YET BICKERED CONSTANTLY. I THINK THEY MUST HAVE BEEN MARRIED. .


"REALITY" ISN'T EASY TO FIND. I TOLD THEM ALL I KNEW OF THE PLANET "EARTH" IN THE YEAR 1985. .
AND DID EVERYONE DRIVE BMW'S AND DRINK LOWENBRAU?
DID THEY PLAY THE "RING CYCLE" AT COCKTAIL PARTIES?

LOOK OUT FOR THE POWER LINES, YOU CRETIN!
JUST GET OFF MY BACK, WILL YOU?
MAYBE THIS SIGNPOST WILL TELL US WHERE WE ARE
AUF WEIDERSEHN!
MY GOD--IT'S AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE WHERE THE NAZIS WON THE WAR! COME BACK, YOU FOOLS--YOU SENT US TO THE WRONG REALITY!

TO BE CONTINUED

# MARA'S EDGE

BORN ON AN OVERCROWDED EARTH IN A MISERABLE CONAPT, MARA WILLOUGHBY WATCHED HER LIFE DRIFT BY. SHE RESENTED HER NEIGHBORS, WHO ALWAYS SEEMED TO HAVE THE EDGE ON HER. SHE REMEMBERED HEARING THAT THE TERM FOR SUCH PEOPLE WAYBACK IN THE 1980's WAS "YUPPIE".

WHEN THE CALL WENT OUT FOR VOLUNTEERS FOR THE FIRST TRADING MISSION TO ANTARES, MARA WAS THE FIRST TO APPLY. WHEN SHE WAS SELECTED FOR THE MISSION, IT SEEMED LIKE SHE'D FINALLY MADE THE FIRST TEAM. BUT, AS USUAL....

I GET ALL THE SHIT JOBS ON THIS TUB! ME-- A WOMAN OF MY VAST UNTAPPED POTENTIAL, AN THEY'VE GOT ME CLEANING OUT THE PLUMBING FER CHRISSAKES!!!

STORY BY
STEVE RIGGENBERG

ART BY
MILTON KNIGHT, JR.

NOW IF THE CAPTAIN HAD ANY BRAINS, I'D BE THE ONE NEGOTIATING WITH THE ANTAREANS, SO--
WHAAAM
OOGAH! OOGAH!
WHAT THE F--!
ATTENTION! THE HULL'S BEEN PUNCTURED!
DANGER! DANGER! ATMOSPHERIC ALERT!
THIS SOUNDS SERIOUS!
BETTER GET INTO MY PRESSURE SUIT AND CHECK WITH THE SKIPPER!
HEY SKIPPER, WHAT THE HE--EEEUUYUCK!! THEY'RE ALL DEAD! THE METEOR WENT RIGHT THROUGH THE CABIN!
WHO'S FLYIN' THIS THING!?!
EMERGENCY! EMERGENCY! PLANETOID APPROACHING--MANUAL OVERRIDE REQUESTED--
WAIT A MINUTE! YOU STUPID MACHINE! I DON'T KNOW HOW TO LAND THIS TUB--I'M JUST THE SANITARY ENGINEER!
PRELIMINARY DATA INDICATES HIGH PROBABILITY OF SURVIVAL FOLLOWING IMPACT--PLANETOID ATMOSPHERE READING: NITROGEN....
I DON'T CARE ABOUT THAT STUFF!! JUST GET ME DOWN NOW!
I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE IN THE VOID OF AIRLESS SPACE!

MARA STEERS THE CRIPPLED SHIP TOWARDS THE TINY PLANETOID.
WHOOOAAA!!! I'M COMING IN!!
I'M ALIVE! WHAT IS THIS PLACE? KINDA REMINDS ME OF.... EEEEEEEE!!!
RAW-HAW-HAW!
BLOTZ!
EAT DEATH, YOU TURKEY!
HOLY SHIT! THOSE POOR LITTLE GUYS!
HEY! IT'S OKAY NOW! I ROASTED THAT THING! C'MON FELLAS -- GET OFF YOUR KNEES AND TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER!
LATER....
JEEZE, THEY MAY BE SHORT, GREEN AND HAIRLESS, BUT THESE GUYS SURE KNOW HOW TO MAKE A GAL FEEL WELCOME!
A-WIMOWEH--- A-WIMOWEH---

THE VICTORY LUAU HELD IN MARA'S HONOR BY THE GRATEFUL NATIVES LASTS FAR INTO THE NIGHT.
FINALLY--SOME RESPECT. FOR PRIMITIVES, THESE GUYS CAN REALLY PARTY! I COULD GET TO LIKE THIS PLACE!
THE HEAD GUY LOOKS LIKE HE WANTS TO TELL ME SOMETHING.
HOPE THE CIRCUITS ON THIS TRANSLATOR AREN'T TOO SCRAMBLED TO DECIPHER YOUR LINGO, CHARLIE!
OHHHH, YOU WANT TO KNOW WHERE I COME FROM... I COME FROM THE SKY! FROM UP! HIC-- OUT THERE--YOU DIG, SHORTY?
JEEZE, THIS GUY THINKS THEIR WORLD IS FLAT AND SURROUNDED BY MONSTERS. GUESS NOBODY EVER TOLD THESE GEEKS ABOUT COLUMBUS. Hmmm...THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA....
NOW LISTEN UP, YOU LIL' Q-BALLS! YER PISSANT GODS SENT ME HERE TO RULE! SO FIRST OFF, I'LL PROVE TO YOU THE WORLD IS ROUND!
MORNING....
HEY--CHEER UP, YOU GUYS! I'LL BE BACK IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS, HONEST!
THESE GUYS WORK FAST--JEEZE, THEY LOOK LIKE THEY'RE GOING TO A FUNERAL. THEY MUST HAVE HANGOVERS.
BACK OR BUST
GOO

TWO WEEKS OUT...
MORE FLYING FISH! BOREDOM IS THE MOST DANGEROUS THING AROUND HERE! THOSE NATIVE SUPERSTITIONS--CHEE! WHAT A BUNCH OF LOONIES!
=Sigh= MIGHT AS WELL TAKE ANOTHER NAP--
--HEY--IS THAT THUNDER?!
RUMBLE...
BETTER TAKE DOWN MY WASH BEFO--
OHMIGOD!!!
AND AS THE GREAT, SLIMY TENTACLES SLOWLY CLOSED AROUND HER TINY RAFT, MARA'S SCREAMS WERE LOST IN THE DEAFENING ROAR OF THE TITANIC WATERFALL....
SHIT, THERE GOES MY EMPIRE!
...FOR THE NATIVE LEGENDS WERE TRUE. MARA FINALLY HAD THE EDGE.
END

# Tales of the Galactic Inn

by José Mª Bea

# Khantrax's Bedtime Story

CAN'T YOU GUYS THINK OF ANYTHING BUT SEX?
NO, KHANTRAX, WE CAN'T, AND WE LIKE IT THIS WAY!
LYSDREYNIA, I KNEW I'D FIND YOU IN THE MATERNITY WARD. DEDICATED WET NURSES LIKE YOU ARE A REAL RARITY!
WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO TELL THE CHILDREN A LITTLE BEDTIME STORY?
OKAY, FOOL, BUT MAKE IT BRIEF. THIS LITTLE BRAT IS ABOUT TO TRANSFORM INTO SOMETHING TOO DANGEROUS TO HOLD.

A CUBICAL SPACESHIP OF ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY FLASHES THROUGH THE UNIVERSE. ITS CAPTAIN IS UNDER ORDERS TO TRANSPORT THE ALIEN PRISONER TO BASE. DESPITE THIS, RELATIONS BETWEEN THE OFFICER AND HIS CAPTIVE ARE EXCELLENT.
I WISH WE WERE THERE ALREADY. I'M BORED TO DEATH UP HERE.
EVEN THOUGH THE CONVEYOR TRANSLATED OUR CONVERSATIONS AUTOMATICALLY, THREE MONTHS WITH THAT CREATURE IS A BIT TOO MUCH. AND THERE'S NOTHING ELSE TO DO!
SAY, THOMSON, I MEANT TO TELL YOU.
YEAH, WHAT IS IT? FIRE AWAY!
CHRIST ALMIGHTY! WHA... WHAT'S THAT?

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU YOU'RE DIFFERENT!
OUR RACE GOES THROUGH A SERIES OF MOLECULAR REGENERATIONS WHICH MODIFY OUR ANATOMY COMPLETELY I MUST NOTIFY YOU THAT DURING THIS TIME...
I WON'T BE ABLE TO COMMUNICATE WITH YOU UNTIL I'M
ATTENTION! CAPTAIN FROM BASE! REMEMBER THE OBJECT OF THE MISSION IS TO DELIVER THE ALIEN CAPTIVE ALIVE!
THAT DOES IT! I KNEW SOMETHING WEIRD WAS UP!
HE'S TURNED INTO SOME MAD CREATURE, AND I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HIM BEFORE HE GETS RID OF ME.

YOU GODAWFUL FREAK! YOU'RE CHOKING ME!
IF I CAN GET TO THE DOORLOCK, I CAN
CLIK!
CLANK
WAIT999hhh! HE'S CRUSHING MY NECK! GOD, YOU FILTHY BEAST!
ATTENTION! CAPTAIN FROM BASE! REMEMBER THE OBJECT OF THE MISSION IS TO DELIVER THE ALIEN CAPTIVE ALIVE!
HIS PARTS CAN FUNCTION EVEN WHEN SEVERED FROM THE REST OF HIS BODY HIS HAND'S TRYING TO CRAWL AWAY.
MAYBE IT WILL GUIDE ME TO ITS FILTHY REMAINS!

WHAT IF HE REGENERATES A BODY ONTO HIS HAND? THEN THERE WILL BE TWO OF HIM!
THE HAND! IT HAS GROWN BACK!
THIS IS IT... I'VE BOUGHT IT NOW. WAIT THE SUSPENDED ANIMATION LOCKER IS BEHIND HIM. IT'S MY LAST CHANCE.
THAT'S TORN IT! YOU WILL NOW ENJOY ELEMENTAL DISINTEGRATION IN EVERY PORE OF YOUR REVOLTING BODY!

TRRASH!
JESUS CHRIST! NOOOO!!!
GRAWWL
10
KROOSH!
Chris McRae '20
ATTENTION! CAPTAIN FROM BASE. YOUR VESSEL HAS NOW ENTERED ORBITAL LINEAR ATTRACTION WE HAVE BEGUN THE SEQUENCE OF YOUR AUTOMATIC HOMING CYCLE
ATTENTION! ENERGETIC PROCESSES CLOSED DOWN THEY ARE LEVELED OUT PREPARE TO DISEMBARK AND HAND THE ALIENIZED SUBJECT TO THE AUTHORIZED OFFICIALS

MISSION FAILED AT THE LAST MOMENT I HAD TO DESTROY THE ALIENIZED SUBJECT BECAUSE HE HAD BECOME A LIABILITY HE WAS UNABLE TO UNDERSTAND OUR METAMORPHOSIS
WELL, THAT WAS ALL HOW ABOUT IT ?
ARE YOU PULLING MY TENTACLES ?
IS THAT TRUE ?
YOU CALL THAT A STORY ? THAT'S NOTHING ! LOOK AT MEOW OVER THERE SHE WENT THROUGH A SIMILAR THING !
YEAH, YEAH I USED TO HAVE THE FACE OF MARILYN MONROE, NOW LOOK AT ME ! JUST AS THE METAMORPHOSIS WAS TAKING PLACE, I GOT MY PERIOD AND THE WHOLE THING GOT SCREWED UP TALK ABOUT ALIEN SUBJECTS ..
BY THE WAY, PICK ME UP SOME FISH ON YOUR NEXT TRIP I'M STARVING !
THE END

WRITTEN BY MAURIZIO CORRADO

# SILLAVENGO DISAPPEARS

~~MASSIMO TOSA~~ GHINI

1984

OUTLINE OF THE PRECEDING EPISODES:
SILLAVENGO IS IN ETHIOPIA, ON A SECRET MISSION. TWO DESERTERS, MASQUERADING AS ETHIOPIANS, TAKE ADVANTAGE OF HIS GULLIBILITY AND ABANDON HIM IN THE SAVANNAH. SILLAVENGO FINDS HIMSELF NEAR THE ENGLISH MILITARY BASE CALLED PINS, WHICH NADIA WANTS TO TAKE POSSESSION OF. SHE TRIES TO SHOOT THE ENGLISH COMMANDING OFFICER, BUT GETS SILLAVENGO INSTEAD...

IT'S SO HARD TO FIND A NICE PLACE TO HANG OUT IN...
YOU WANTED TO KILL ME AND USE THE PINS FOR YOUR UNSAVORY TRANSACTIONS
I'LL DO NOW WHAT I SHOULD HAVE DONE THAT NIGHT
GUARDS! ARREST HER!

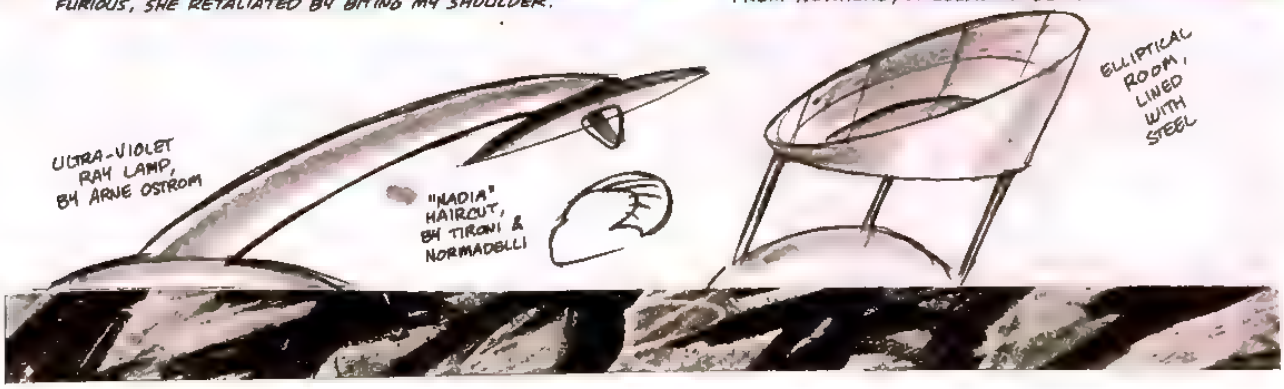
THEY UNDRESSED US AND TOOK US TO A ROUND CHAMBER, WITH A SOFT FLOOR, AT THE VERY TOP OF THE TOWER.

THEY WERE GOING TO KILL US THE NEXT MORNING. WE FELT THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING WE COULD DO, AND WE DID IT.

I REGAINED MY LUCIDITY AND, THOUGH MY SENSES WERE STILL REELING, I SLAPPED HER WITH ALL MY STRENGTH.

FURIOUS, SHE RETALIATED BY BITING MY SHOULDER.

FROM NOWHERE, A CLEAVING BLOW!



I DIDN'T LOSE A MOMENT. I THREW MYSELF THROUGH THE JAGGED AND BROKEN CRYSTAL.

MOMENTS LATER, I WAS SLOWLY FLYING TOWARD THE SAVANNAH. I FELT SOME GUILT FOR THE WAY I HAD ABANDONED NADIA, BUT IT QUICKLY DISSIPATED WHEN I TURNED TOWARD THE TOWER.

ROUGH SKETCH FOR A DRESS, BY MASSIMO IOSA GHINI

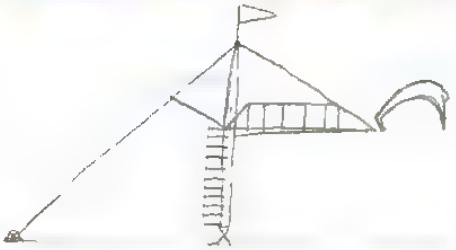
PANTS, BY LILY EASTON!

TV ANTENNA, BY ARNE OSTROM

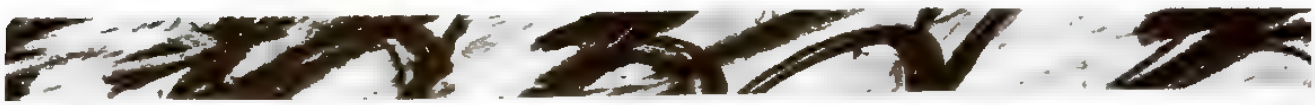
SHE HAD BEEN ABLE TO ESCAPE

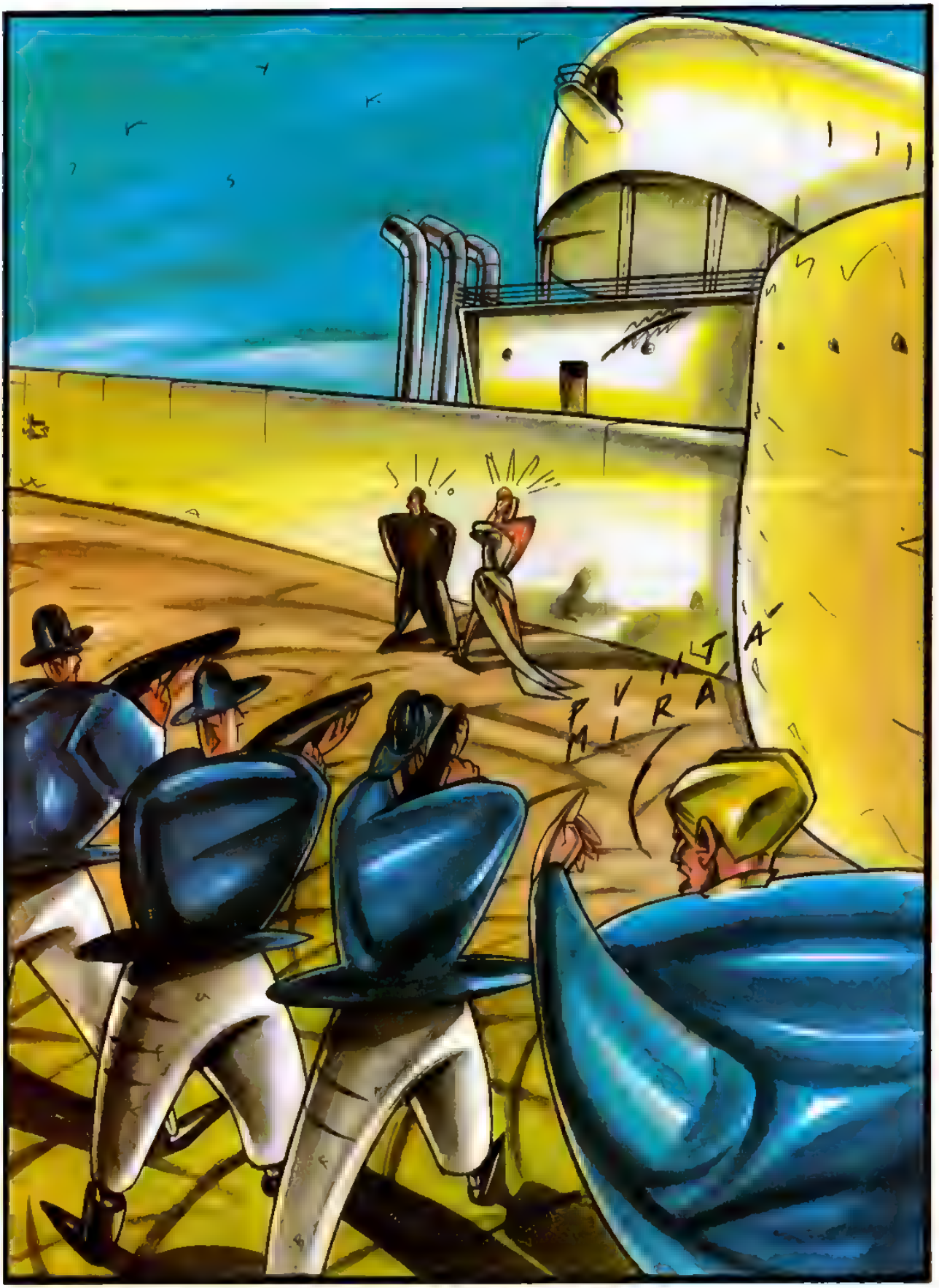
STRANGE DESTINY! MAYBE I WAS TRULY ABOUT TO DIE THIS TIME! I FELT SORRY, I HADN'T FINISHED DESIGNING MY BRIDGE

ARMCHAIR INSPIRED FROM THE MANY ITALIAN DESIGNS OF THE THIRTIES

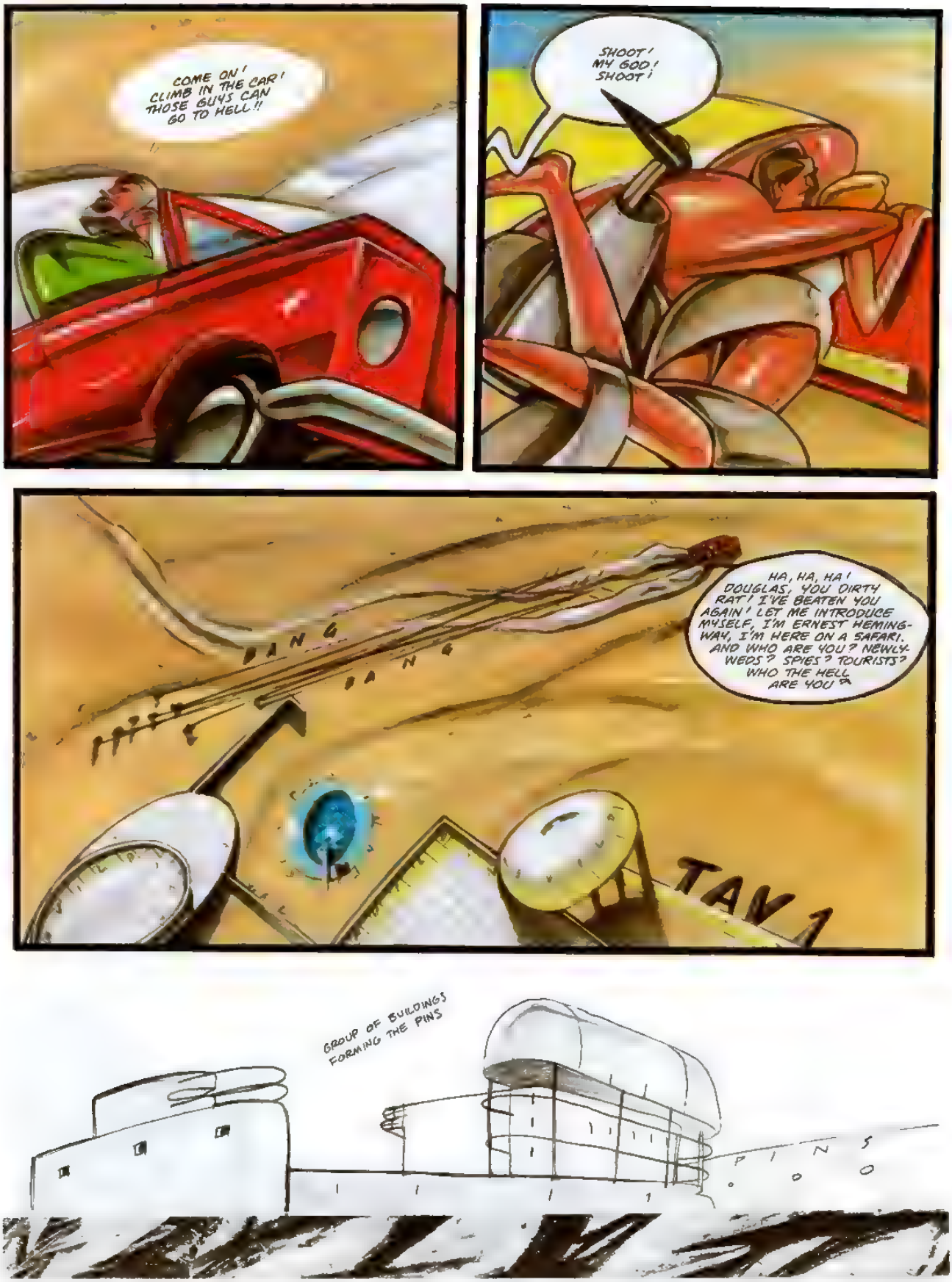


DESIGN FOR A TRAMPOLINE, BY MAURIZIO C





TOO BAD! THE BRIDGE WOULD HAVE BEEN TRULY STUNNING! AND TOO BAD FOR NADIA; SHE TOO WAS STUNNING

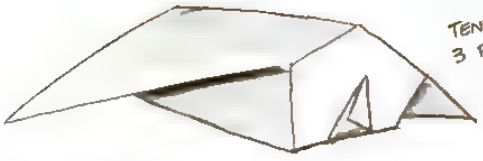

COME ON! CLIMB IN THE CAR! THOSE GUYS CAN GO TO HELL!!
SHOOT! MY GOD! SHOOT!
BANG BANG
HA, HA, HA! DOUGLAS, YOU DIRTY RAT! I'VE BEATEN YOU AGAIN! LET ME INTRODUCE MYSELF, I'M ERNEST HEMINGWAY, I'M HERE ON A SAFARI. AND WHO ARE YOU? NEWLYWEDS? SPIES? TOURISTS? WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?
TAV
GROUP OF BUILDINGS FORMING THE PINS
PINS

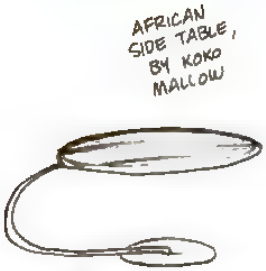
ITALIAN. WELL, MY BOOKS CAN'T BE PUBLISHED IN ITALY, BY DECREE OF THE DUCE. I MET HIM IN LAUSANNE IN 1922. ACCORDING TO HIM, HE'S THE GREATEST LOVER EVER TO SET FOOT ON THIS PLANET HA, HA, HA!
CAPTAIN EDWARD SILLAVENGO, ENGINEER AND HERO. THIS IS NADIA PENJAKOFF, WOMAN AND ADVENTURESS.

HERE WE ARE! THIS IS MY CAMP. A TENT, A WOMAN AND A BOTTLE OF WHISKEY.

LET'S HAVE A DRINK AND THEN WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY. ONE OF MY PORTERS, ARAITO ZAKU, SAYS THAT THERE IS A WHITE BOAR LIVING IN MONTA MOZUNA TERRITORY

THERE ARE ONLY THREE WHITE BOARS IN ALL OF AFRICA. ONE IS HANGING IN MY LIVING ROOM IN TANANARIVE. THE OTHER IS IN MBANDAKA'S HOUSE, THE MOST FEMININE WOMAN EVER TO GRACE THIS EARTH. I GAVE IT TO HER


TENT FOR 3 PEOPLE


AFRICAN SIDE TABLE, BY KOKO MALLOW

AND HERE IS THE THIRD, COMING TOWARD US. QUICK, GET OFF THE JEEP!
MOVE
MOVE,
BY LE CORBUSIER!

IF YOU CALL ME SPAGHETTI ONCE MORE, THE MONTA MAZUNA TORTURES WILL SEEM LIKE PARADISE COMPARED TO WHAT I'LL DO TO YOU!!
THE MONTA MOZUNA! WE'RE DONE FOR, SPAGHETTI!

NADIA HAD FALLEN IN THE RAVINE. I FELT TERRIBLE, BUT I KEPT ON FIGHTING.

HELP CAME FROM THE SKY.

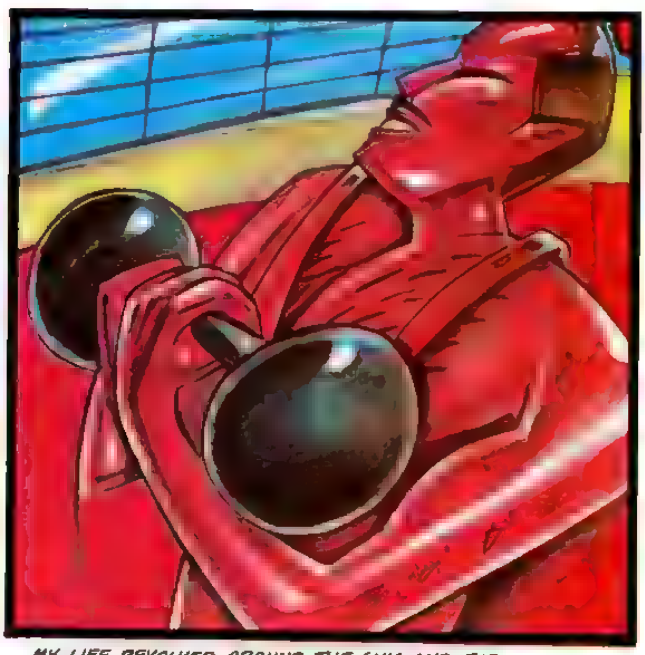
IN THE FORM OF CRISTIANA JESI, GUTSY PILOT AND GREAT INVENTOR, WHO WAS FLYING BACK TO BOLOGNA AFTER A CRUISE ON THE NILE

CRISTIANA SEEMED TO KNOW MY FRIEND QUITE WELL. I WASN'T SORRY TO SEE HIM GO.

FABRIC, BY RAINBOW

"INVENTION", BY CRISTIANA ZAPPELLI

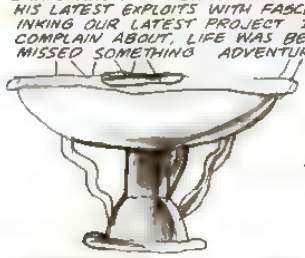
I WAS HOME AT LAST. MY LIFE AS AN ENGINEER WAS STARTING ALL OVER AGAIN, AFTER MY ADVENTURES IN ALBANIA, SABAUDIA, CAPRI, ETHIOPIA, AND MY EXCITING ENCOUNTERS WITH AIDA, VULVA MORBIDOJNA, BESCIR, THE MONTA MOZUNA, AND ZITTO TERMOZETA .



MY LIFE REVOLVED AROUND THE GYM AND THE FASHIONABLE DISCOTHÈQUES, AND THE RELAXED PACE SEEMED TO AGREE WITH ME.

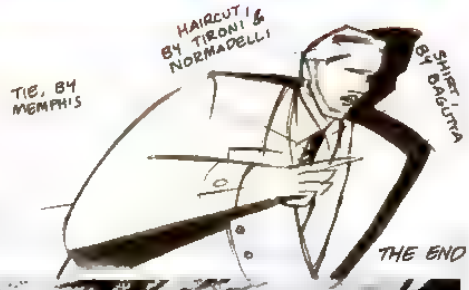
THE HOURS AT THE OFFICE WERE EASY AND FUN, WITH BARTO WHO WAS ALWAYS READY TO TELL ME ABOUT HIS LATEST EXPLOITS WITH FASCINATING WOMEN, WHILE INKING OUR LATEST PROJECT I HAD NOTHING TO COMPLAIN ABOUT, LIFE WAS BEAUTIFUL BUT I MISSED SOMETHING ADVENTURE OR MAYBE

...NADIA?



VASE, BY ETTORE SOTSSAS

COSTUME, BY REMO BUTI

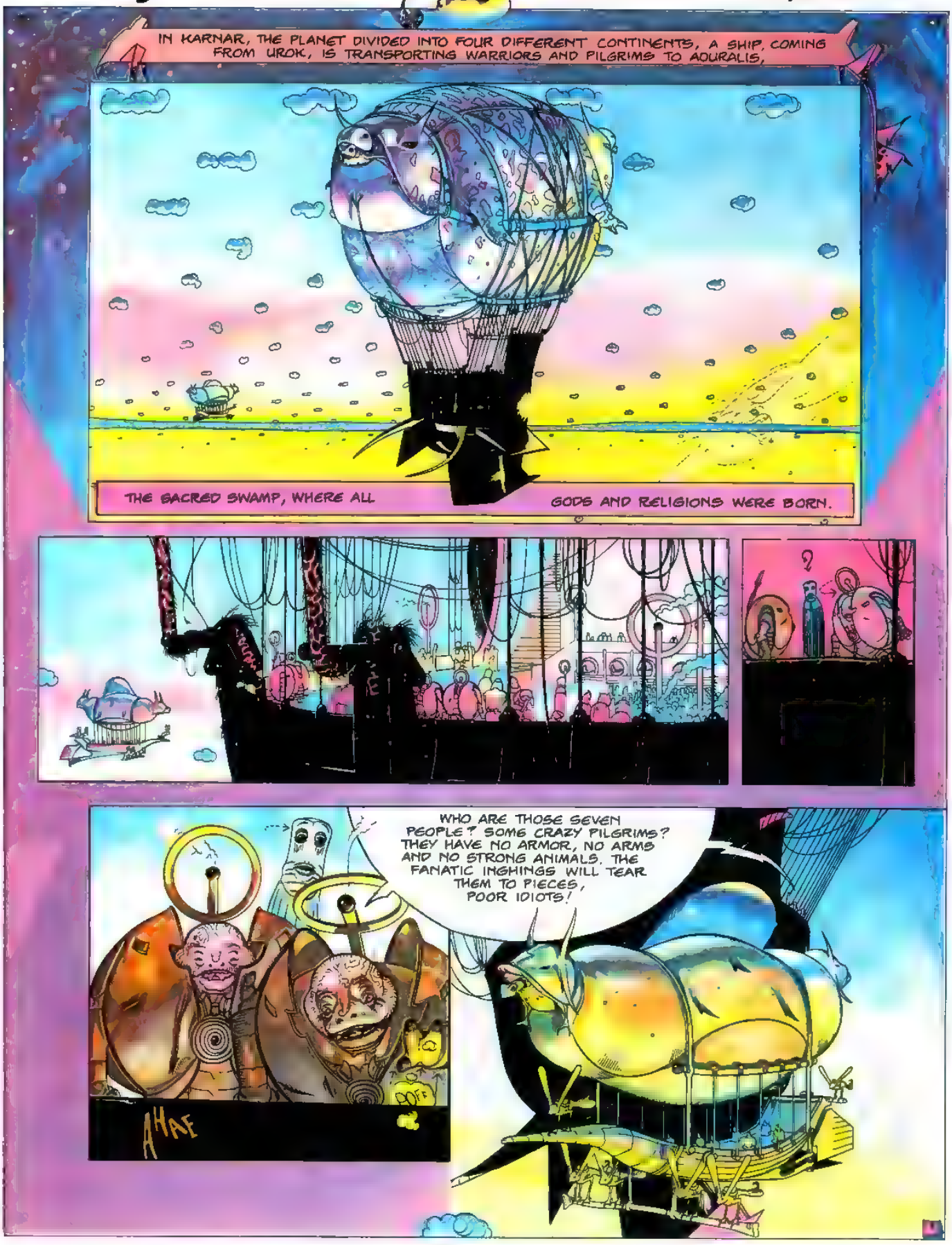


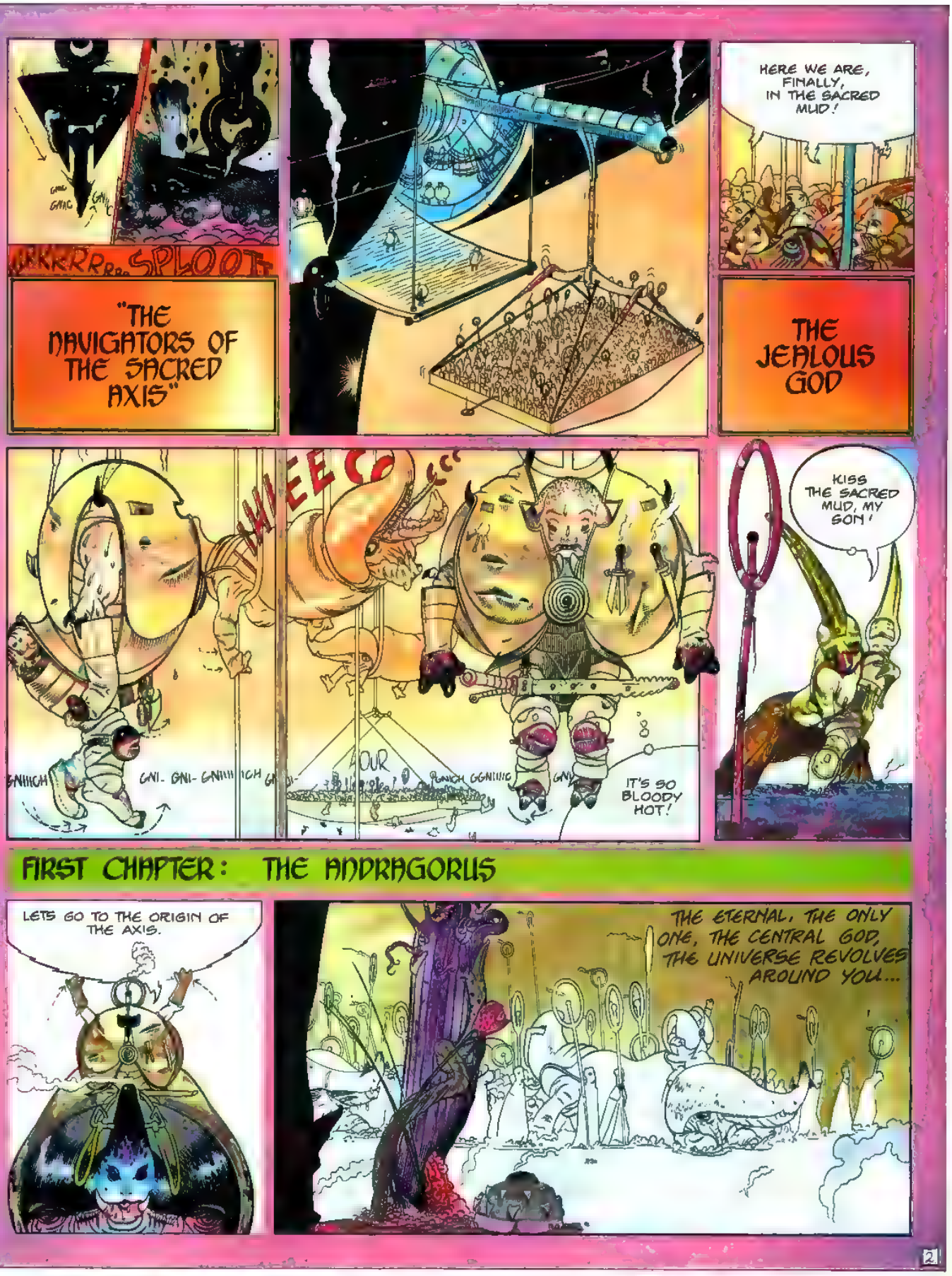

THE END

1984 Massimo Iva Ghini

# THE JEALOUS GOD

written by Jodorowsky
art by Cadelo


IN KARNAR, THE PLANET DIVIDED INTO FOUR DIFFERENT CONTINENTS, A SHIP, COMING FROM UROK, IS TRANSPORTING WARRIORS AND PILGRIMS TO AQUARIS,
THE SACRED SWAMP, WHERE ALL GODS AND RELIGIONS WERE BORN.
?
WHO ARE THOSE SEVEN PEOPLE? SOME CRAZY PILGRIMS? THEY HAVE NO ARMOR, NO ARMS AND NO STRONG ANIMALS. THE FANATIC INGHINGS WILL TEAR THEM TO PIECES, POOR IDIOTS!
AHAF
POOF


GNNG GNNG GNN
RRRRRRRRR... SPLOOT...
"THE NAVIGATORS OF THE SACRED AXIS"
HERE WE ARE, FINALLY, IN THE SACRED MUD!
THE JEALOUS GOD
KISS THE SACRED MUD, MY SON!
GNNHCH
GNI- GNI- GNHHHCH
OUR
GNNHCH GGNHHHG
GNN
IT'S SO BLOODY HOT!
FIRST CHAPTER: THE ANDRAGORUS
LETS GO TO THE ORIGIN OF THE AXIS.
THE ETERNAL, THE ONLY ONE, THE CENTRAL GOD, THE UNIVERSE REVOLVES AROUND YOU...
2

THE ATHEISTIC FANATICS OF THE INGHING CONTINENT
INGH!
AOUR IS A LIE!
IN THE NAME OF THE GREAT THINKER, BUR-TSE, WE SHALL DESTROY THEM!
IIINNNN

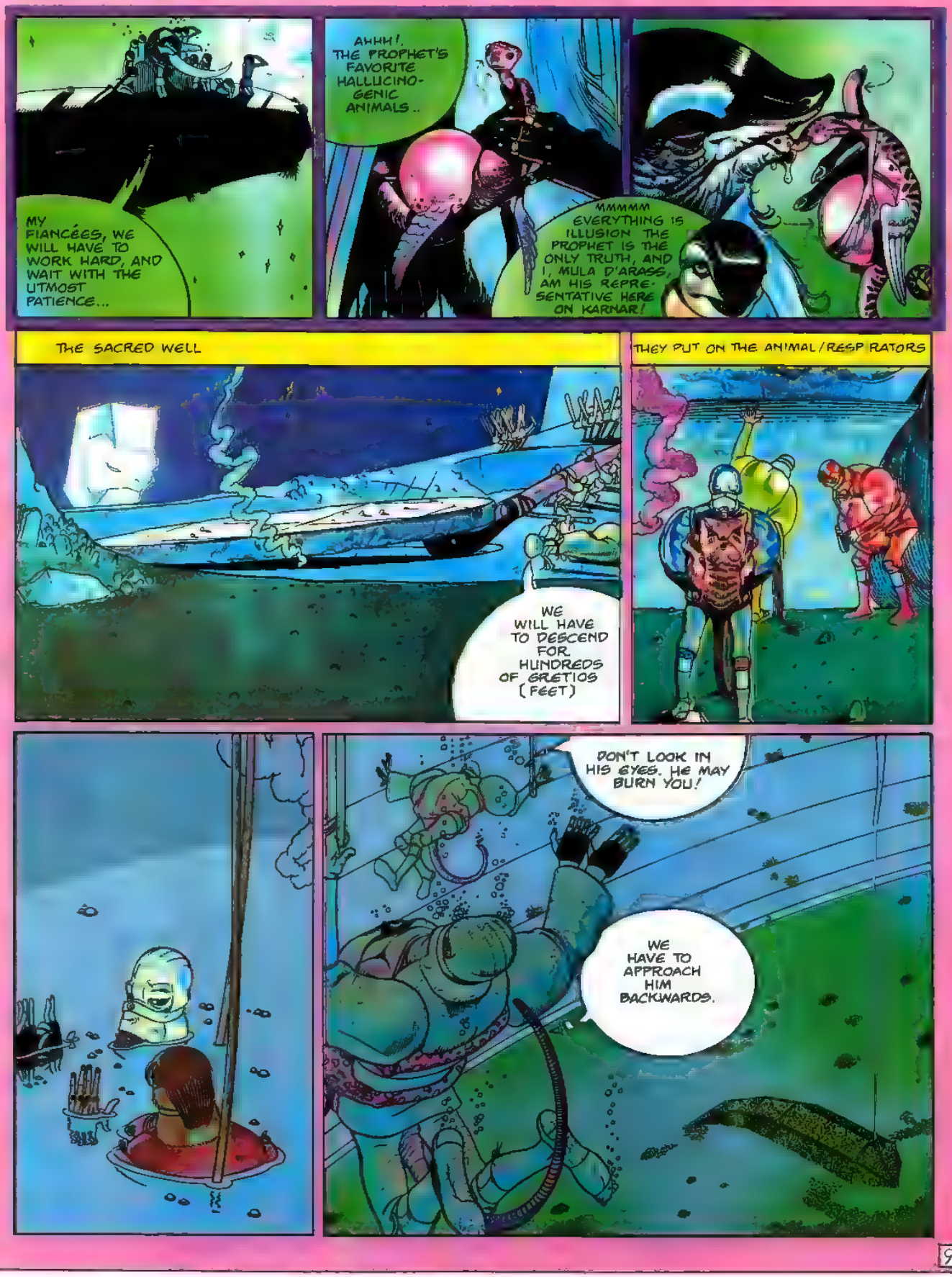
THE SEVEN MONK/KNIGHTS ARRIVE.
THE VICTORY IS OURS! WE HAVE DESTROYED THE ATHEISTS. LET US GO TO THE HERMIT'S TEMPLE.
PRAY, O PILGRIMS, PRAY! IN THIS MIRACULOUS PLACE, AOUR, OUR ONLY GOD, WAS BORN!
SACRILEGE!! OUR SAINTLY HERMIT IS BEING KIDNAPPED!
4

MULA D'ARASS, WORSHIPPER OF THE PROPHET RAM'ALDAR, AND ABSOLUTE RULER OF ULISMAN, THE DESERT CONTINENT, IS NOW ARRIVING WITH HIS ARMY OF SUICIDAL ANDROGINI...
WE ARE TOO LATE
THEY TOOK HIM AWAY BEFORE WE COULD GET AT HIM! WHO ARE THOSE BLASTED MONKS?
LET'S FOLLOW THEM
IN THE NAME OF AOUR, HOLY HERMIT, SHOW US THE WAY.
SHIT! WHAT A SMELL!
5

THIS IS THE DIVINE ORDEAL. IF YOU SURVIVE, I WILL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW..
THE MONSTER IS BEATEN.
AND THE HERMIT LEADS THEM TOWARDS THE GIANTS' TEMPLE ..
6

THE CENTRAL CHAPEL IS STILL STANDING. THERE YOU WILL FIND THE SACRED, SECRET BOOK...
YOU MUST TRANSLATE THIS FORGOTTEN LANGUAGE FOR US.
GAR... AGDAD... DOHT... ORVEN... ANDRA-GORUS
THE ANDRAGOROUS LIES AT THE BOTTOM OF A WELL, IN THIS VERY TEMPLE...
ZURFRED
WE HAVE DISCOVERED THE MOST IMPORTANT SECRET OF THE UNIVERSE.
HIGME
THANK YOU, AOUR ! THE ONLY ETERNAL ONE!
7

OLIBO
ZUFRED, TAKE THE OLD SAINT BACK TO HIS LAIR.
IN THE MEANTIME, WE WILL LOOK FOR SOME UTENSILS AND WILL START THE EXCAVATIONS.
YES, OLIBO.
KORNO
OLIBO MUST NOT CONTROL THE ANDRAGOROUS, WE HAVE TO! COME, THE HERMIT KNOWS TOO MUCH
SCIAF
HELP ME!
AND THE TRAITORS CRUSH THE HOLY HERMIT.
THE ANCIENT PIPE OF THE GIANT PRIESTS COME IN HANDY
8


MY FIANCÉES, WE WILL HAVE TO WORK HARD, AND WAIT WITH THE UTMOST PATIENCE...
AHHH!. THE PROPHET'S FAVORITE HALLUCINO-GENIC ANIMALS..
MMMMM EVERYTHING IS ILLUSION THE PROPHET IS THE ONLY TRUTH, AND I, MULA D'ARASS, AM HIS REPRE-SENTATIVE HERE ON KARNAR!
THE SACRED WELL
WE WILL HAVE TO DESCEND FOR HUNDREDS OF GRETIOS (FEET)
THEY PUT ON THE ANIMAL/RESPIRATORS
DON'T LOOK IN HIS EYES. HE MAY BURN YOU!
WE HAVE TO APPROACH HIM BACKWARDS.
9

10

FORWARD, O PEOPLE OF ULISMAN'S LAND!
IN THE NAME OF RAM'ALDAR, THE GREAT PROPHET! DEATH TO THE INFIDELS! THE ANDRAGORUS WILL BE OURS.
NO KNIGHT WILL REMAIN LIVING!
THE ANDRAGORUS IS PROTECTING THE INFIDELS! THEY ARE DESTROYING MY FIANCÉES!!!
TO BE CONTINUED
11

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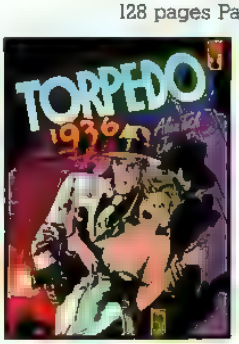

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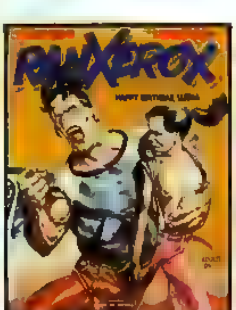


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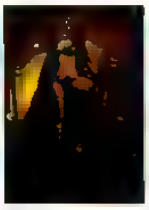
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8

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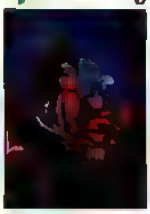
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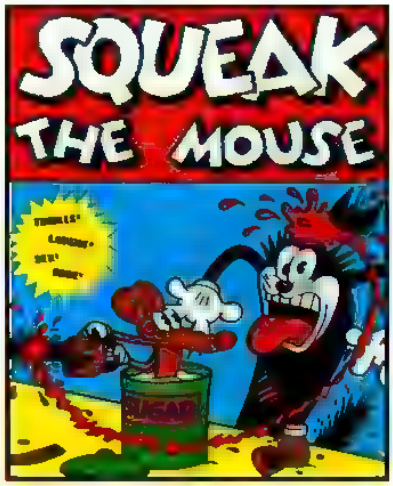


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by Horacio Altuna

WHAT IF WE MADE OUT IN A DOORWAY OR MAYBE A STORE WINDOW?
NO, THAT'S NOT EXCITING ENOUGH I NEED SOMETHING SCARY!
YEAH, BUT WHAT IF THE COPS CATCH US AT IT?
DON'T BE SUCH A CHICKEN SH*T!!
LET'S FIND A REALLY DANGEROUS PLACE OOOH, I'M GETTING WET JUST THINKING ABOUT IT!
CHRIST, YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE ME CRASH!
I CAN'T STAND IT YOU'VE GOT TO STOP!
BUT WHERE?
LOOK OVER THERE! THE PERFECT SPOT!
WHAT?
BUT THERE ARE COPS ALL AROUND
THAT WHY
BABY IF THEY LEAN OVER THEY'LL CATCH US!
I KNOW! THAT'S THE THRILL! COME ON!
NOT HERE
WHAT IF THEY
OH! OH! OH!
OH, GOD!
III
2

OH! OH!
CHRIST!
THE COPS, BABE
COME ON! HURRY!
STOP
CALLING CENTRAL MIXED COUPLE CAUGHT IN SEXUAL OFFENSE!
THEY'RE LEAVING ON A RED BIKE
THEY ALMOST GOT US!
WE'LL HAVE TO LOSE THE BIKE, AND SEPARATE!
THIS IS ALL THANKS TO YOU AND YOUR WIERD SEXUAL HABITS!
THIS IS THE PITS. I'VE ONLY KNOWN HER FOR A FEW MONTHS AND I'VE ALREADY RISKED MY LIFE AND LOST MY BIKE. I CAN'T BELIEVE SHE ONLY COMES WHEN SHE'S IN DANGER
SHE GETS TURNED ON IN BARS

IN MOVIE THEATERS
EVEN WHERE I WORK!
DID YOU HEAR WHAT I SAID?
ARE YOU OKAY?
YEAH
AND PARADES GOT HER CRAZY!
AND THAT TIME IN THE PARK, OH MY GOD!
THIS HAS TO END
OR I'LL GO INSANE!
RING!
YOU ARE THE MOST DESIRED VIRGIN ON ASDRULLAH, AND I SHALL HAVE YOU!
NO
YOU WILL BE MINE LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE IN THIS LAND DO YOU HEAR ME?
NO, PLEASE I'M STILL
COME ON, ALLOW ME TO
NO!

ARGGHH!
AWAY WITH YOU, PIG!
GUARDS, BRING HER BACK SAFE AND STILL A VIRGIN!
OUT OF MY WAY, GARBAGE!
DAMN THEY'RE EVERY-WHERE
COME ON, DON'T BE AFRAID!
AH!
LET US THROUGH!
WE'LL CATCH THEM!
ONLY A LITTLE WAYS TO GO!

LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!
I THINK WE'VE LOST THEM!
I'LL TAKE YOU TO MY HIDEOUT!
HOLD T GHT
HERE WE ARE ISN T T TRANQUIL?
SOCK!
OH!
6

HOW LOVELY SHE IS!
YES, SHE IS VERY PRETTY
AAAH
LET ME TOUCH OOOH SOFT
THE SWEETEST LITTLE ASS!
AND SUCH FIRM THIGHS
SAY FELLOWS, THE BOSS WILL HANG US IF WE, YOU KNOW
YOU'RE RIGHT LEAVE HER ALONE!
YEAH, HE WOULDN'T LIKE IT!
GOT TO GET HER BACK!
YOU KNOW, HE'S GOT A GOOD BODY, TOO
YEAH
COME ON
START WALKING, LITTLE GIRL YOU-KNOW-WHO'S WAITING!
HE MUST NOT GET AWAY!
MAKE STRONGER KNOTS!
HE HE
HE HE
HE HE
WHAT ARE YOU
NOOOO!
ARRR
HEHE
JESUS WHAT KIND OF GAME IS THIS!? DISGUSTING!
NO! NO!
IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A PREMONITION THOUGH
THIS IS IT! I'LL HAVE TO TELL HER IT'S QUITS AS OF TODAY!

THERE YOU ARE! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
I'M THROUGH WITH ALL THIS CRAZINESS! WE'LL DO IT MY WAY OR NO WAY!
OPUS SQUARE
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
I'VE HAD ENOUGH! FROM NOW ON, IT'S IN BED, OR NOWHERE!
MAYBE SOME SOFT MUSIC, WINE, BUT THAT'S IT!
YOU'VE HAD YOUR TURN, AND I'M FED UP WITH.
RISKING MY LIFE!
SAY
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
CAN'T
GET IT UP!
COME ON, HURRY! HERE COMES THE TRAINNNNN, AAAHHH
AHH
AHH
UNH
UNH
UNH
FIN

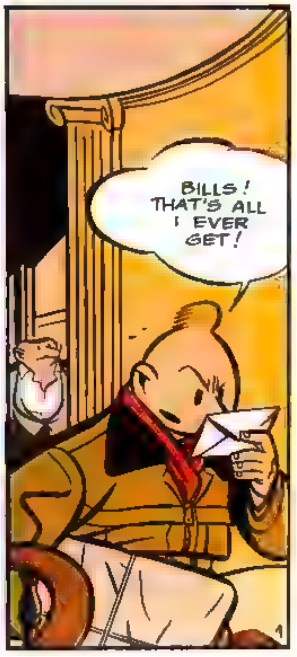
PARIS
DECEMBER
22ND
ELEPHANT CEMETERY
OCCASION
METRO

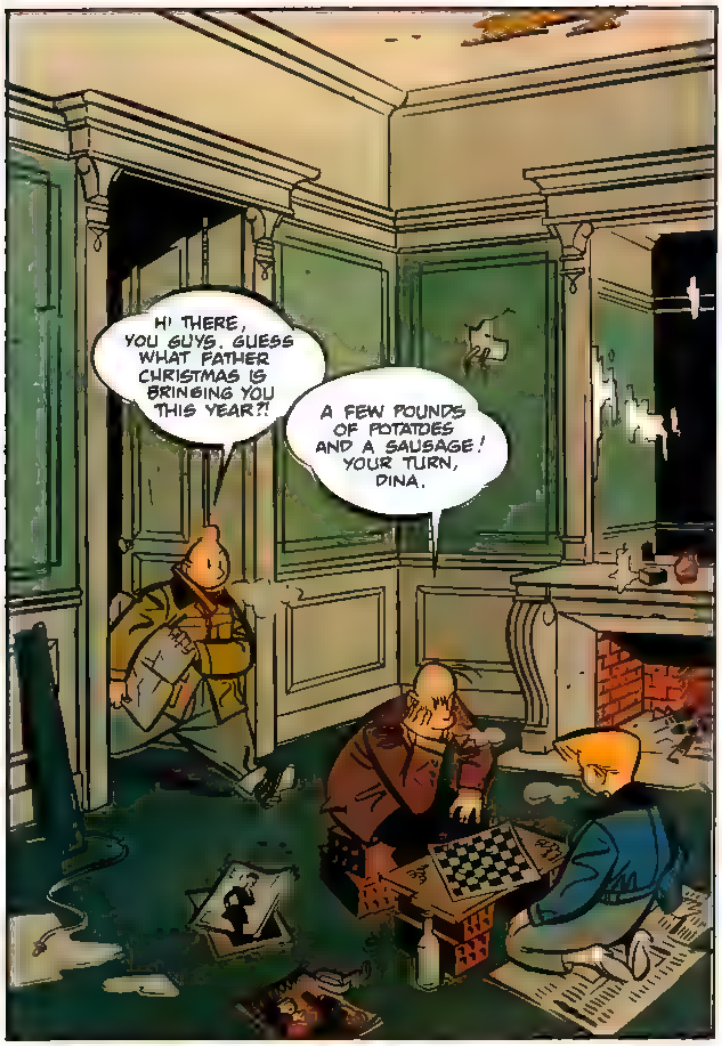
CAFE

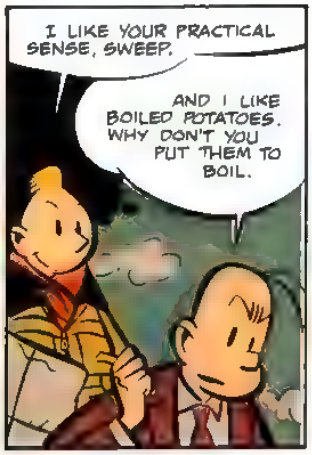
Après 22h, nos locataires sont priés de faire leur non au concierge
MERCI

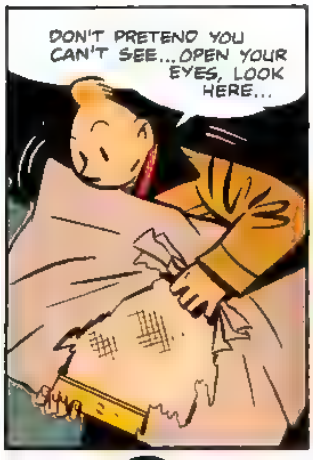
KOOOOOH
HEY! SOMEBODY'S TORTURING MY DOORMAN!

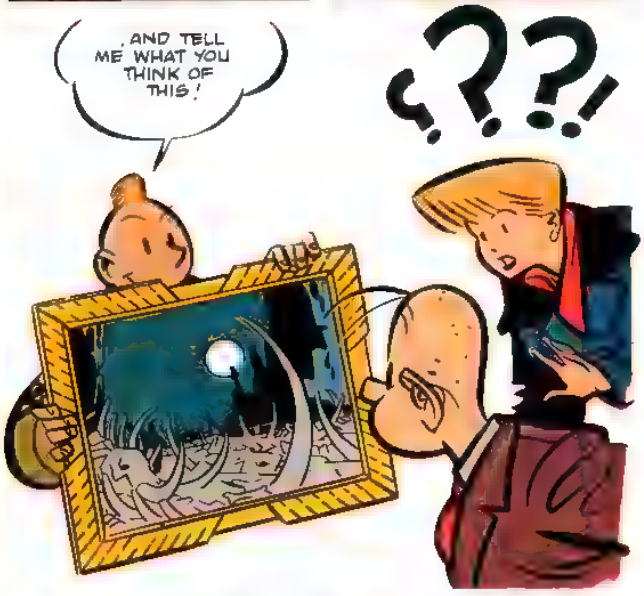
PLEASE EXCUSE ME, MR. KALLOCH... I'VE COME TO PICK UP MY MAIL.
HMM

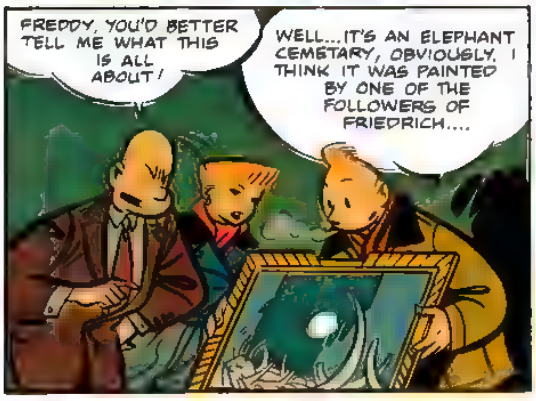

BILLS! THAT'S ALL I EVER GET!


HI THERE, YOU GUYS. GUESS WHAT FATHER CHRISTMAS IS BRINGING YOU THIS YEAR?!
A FEW POUNDS OF POTATOES AND A SAUSAGE! YOUR TURN, DINA.


I LIKE YOUR PRACTICAL SENSE, SWEEP.
AND I LIKE BOILED POTATOES. WHY DON'T YOU PUT THEM TO BOIL.


DON'T PRETEND YOU CAN'T SEE... OPEN YOUR EYES, LOOK HERE...

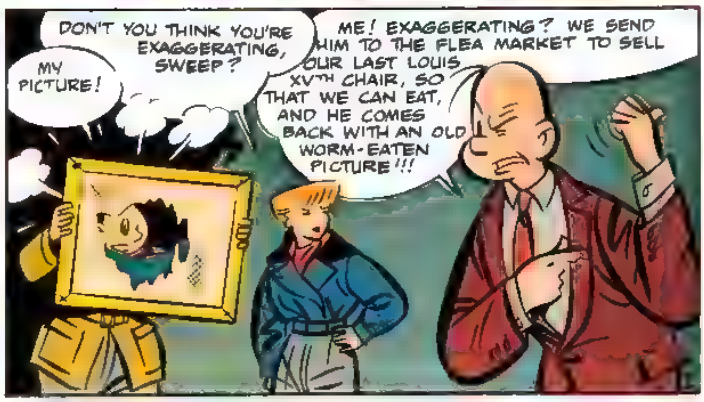

...AND TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK OF THIS!
?!?!


FREDDY, YOU'D BETTER TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
WELL... IT'S AN ELEPHANT CEMETARY, OBVIOUSLY. I THINK IT WAS PAINTED BY ONE OF THE FOLLOWERS OF FRIEDRICH....

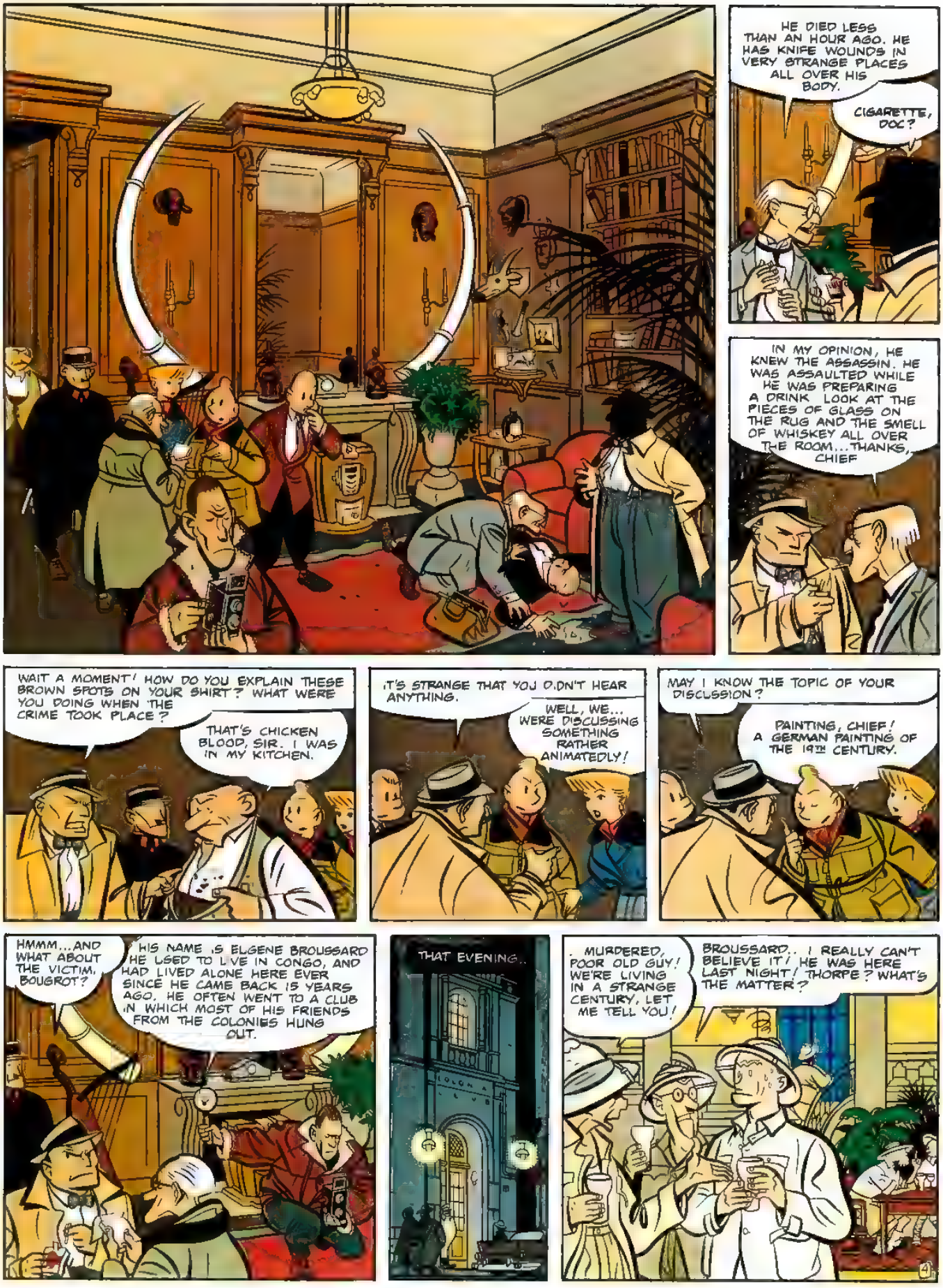
FREDDY, WHAT DID YOU BUY THIS WITH?
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, AND I HAVE TO SAY THAT I DON'T AGREE WITH YOU IN THE LEAST!

HEY! IT'S EVEN GOT A DATE ON THE BACK... 889... I WAS RIGHT!

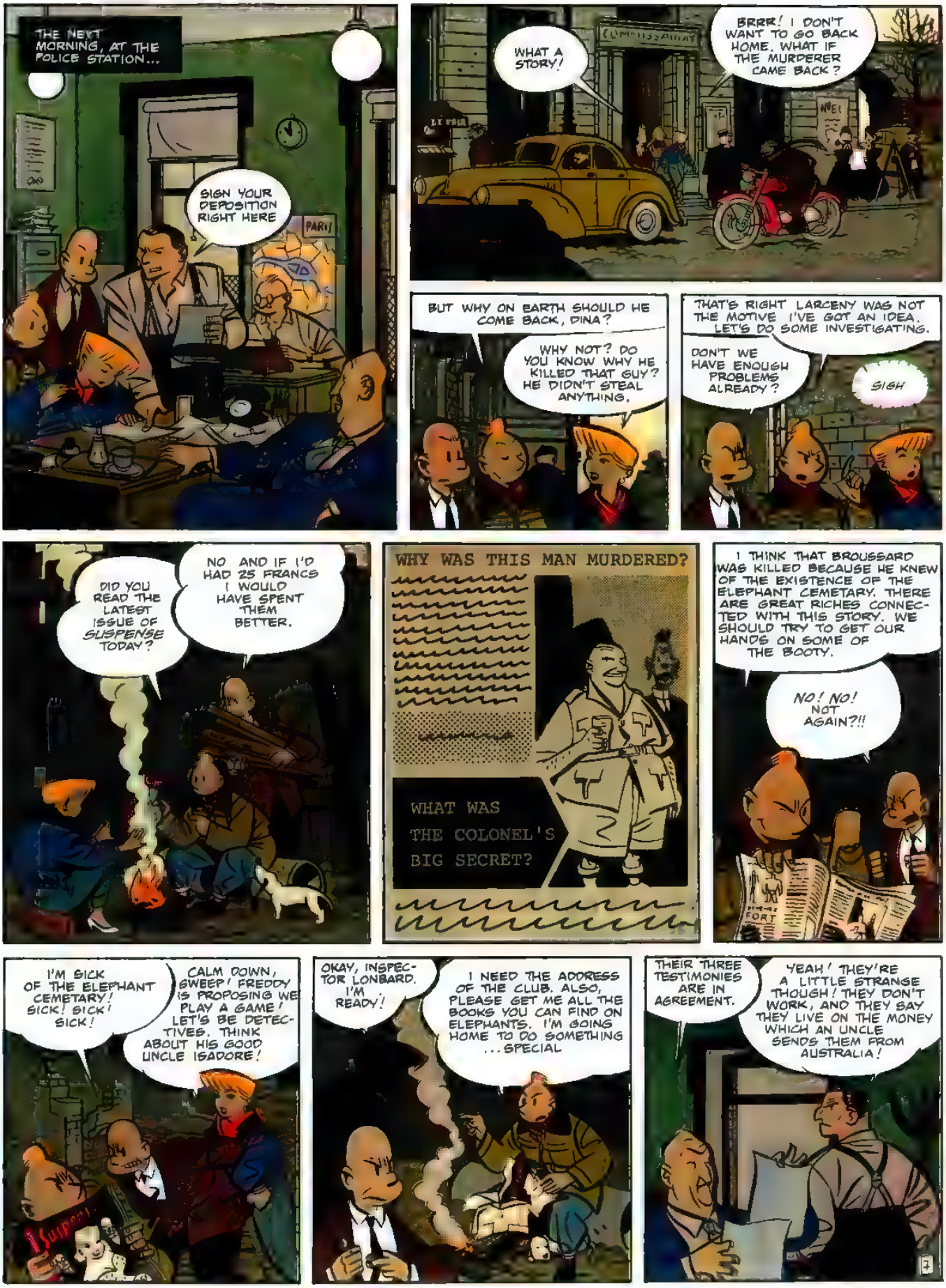
CROK


DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE EXAGGERATING, SWEEP?
ME! EXAGGERATING? WE SEND HIM TO THE FLEA MARKET TO SELL OUR LAST LOUIS XV™ CHAIR, SO THAT WE CAN EAT, AND HE COMES BACK WITH AN OLD WORM-EATEN PICTURE!!!
MY PICTURE!

SWEEP!! THAT'S NOT A GOOD REASON! FREDDIE LOVED THAT PICTURE!
OKAY! BUT I'M SICK OF HIS CAPRICES! I'M LEAVING!
?
THIS RED SUBSTANCE... IT SMELLS FUNNY... I COULD SWEAR IT'S
DON'T CRY, FREDDIE. I'M GOING TO HELP YOU REPAIR THE CANVAS.
DINA! IT'S BLOOD! IT'S RAINING BLOOD!
!
HIIIII AAAH
!
THERE'S A DEAD BODY UP THERE!!
AND WHAT ABOUT ME AND MY GRIEF!?? I'M CRYING BLOODY TEARS FOR MY PICTURE!
WE HAVE TO CALL THE POLICE!! IMMEDIATELY!!
3


HE DIED LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO. HE HAS KNIFE WOUNDS IN VERY STRANGE PLACES ALL OVER HIS BODY.
CIGARETTE, DOC?
IN MY OPINION, HE KNEW THE ASSASSIN. HE WAS ASSAULTED WHILE HE WAS PREPARING A DRINK. LOOK AT THE PIECES OF GLASS ON THE RUG AND THE SMELL OF WHISKEY ALL OVER THE ROOM... THANKS, CHIEF
WAIT A MOMENT! HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THESE BROWN SPOTS ON YOUR SHIRT? WHAT WERE YOU DOING WHEN THE CRIME TOOK PLACE?
THAT'S CHICKEN BLOOD, SIR. I WAS IN MY KITCHEN.
IT'S STRANGE THAT YOU DIDN'T HEAR ANYTHING.
WELL, WE... WERE DISCUSSING SOMETHING RATHER ANIMATEDLY!
MAY I KNOW THE TOPIC OF YOUR DISCUSSION?
PAINTING, CHIEF! A GERMAN PAINTING OF THE 19TH CENTURY.
HMMM... AND WHAT ABOUT THE VICTIM, BOUGROT?
HIS NAME IS EUGENE BROUSSARD. HE USED TO LIVE IN CONGO, AND HAD LIVED ALONE HERE EVER SINCE HE CAME BACK 15 YEARS AGO. HE OFTEN WENT TO A CLUB IN WHICH MOST OF HIS FRIENDS FROM THE COLONIES HUNG OUT.
THAT EVENING..
COLONIAL CLUB
MURDERED, POOR OLD GUY! WE'RE LIVING IN A STRANGE CENTURY, LET ME TELL YOU!
BROUSSARD.. I REALLY CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HE WAS HERE LAST NIGHT! THORPE? WHAT'S THE MATTER?

JESUS! YOU'RE AS WHITE AS A SHEET! YOU SHOULD GO OUT FOR A BREATH OF FRESH AIR! DO YOU WANT ME TO GO WITH YOU?
OUT?. YES, YOU'RE RIGHT..
YOU KNEW BROUSSARD VERY WELL, DIDN'T YOU?
WHAT A HORRIBLE WAY TO DIE...HE WAS AN OLD FRIEND.
COLONIAL CLUB
WE WERE TOGETHER IN AFRICA. HIS DEATH BRINGS BACK SOME HORRIFYING MEMORIES...I'M A LITTLE OUT OF IT....
I SPENT TOO MUCH TIME WITH THOSE AFRICAN WITCH DOCTORS...FETICISM, ANIMISM, METEMPSYCHOSIS..ALL THIS NONSENSE HAS TURNED MY HEAD A LITTLE.
HELL! THAT SOUNDS INTRIGUING. I WAS THERE AS AN ACCOUNTANT FOR 15 YEARS, AND I NEVER SAW ANYTHING.
LET'S MEET TOMORROW NIGHT AT THE CLUB, AND I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT MY ADVENTURES.
GREAT!
KITOBOGO
THE LIGHT GOES OFF AND AN EERIE LAMENT COMES OUT OF THE DARKNESS....
KITOBOGO?


THE NEXT MORNING, AT THE POLICE STATION...
SIGN YOUR DEPOSITION RIGHT HERE
PARIS
WHAT A STORY!
BRRR! I DON'T WANT TO GO BACK HOME. WHAT IF THE MURDERER CAME BACK?
BUT WHY ON EARTH SHOULD HE COME BACK, DINA?
WHY NOT? DO YOU KNOW WHY HE KILLED THAT GUY? HE DIDN'T STEAL ANYTHING.
THAT'S RIGHT LARCENY WAS NOT THE MOTIVE I'VE GOT AN IDEA. LET'S DO SOME INVESTIGATING.
DON'T WE HAVE ENOUGH PROBLEMS ALREADY?
SIGH
DID YOU READ THE LATEST ISSUE OF SUSPENSE TODAY?
NO AND IF I'D HAD 25 FRANCS I WOULD HAVE SPENT THEM BETTER.
WHY WAS THIS MAN MURDERED?
WHAT WAS THE COLONEL'S BIG SECRET?
I THINK THAT BROUSSARD WAS KILLED BECAUSE HE KNEW OF THE EXISTENCE OF THE ELEPHANT CEMETARY. THERE ARE GREAT RICHES CONNECTED WITH THIS STORY. WE SHOULD TRY TO GET OUR HANDS ON SOME OF THE BOOTY.
NO! NO! NOT AGAIN?!!
I'M SICK OF THE ELEPHANT CEMETARY! SICK! SICK! SICK!
CALM DOWN, SWEEP! FREDDY IS PROPOSING WE PLAY A GAME! LET'S BE DETECTIVES. THINK ABOUT HIS GOOD UNCLE ISADORE!
OKAY, INSPECTOR LONBARD. I'M READY!
I NEED THE ADDRESS OF THE CLUB. ALSO, PLEASE GET ME ALL THE BOOKS YOU CAN FIND ON ELEPHANTS. I'M GOING HOME TO DO SOMETHING ...SPECIAL
THEIR THREE TESTIMONIES ARE IN AGREEMENT.
YEAH! THEY'RE A LITTLE STRANGE THOUGH! THEY DON'T WORK, AND THEY SAY THEY LIVE ON THE MONEY WHICH AN UNCLE SENDS THEM FROM AUSTRALIA!

GOOD WORK, FREDDY! YOU HAVE ONCE AGAIN ACCOMPLISHED YOUR MISSION IN THE BEST POSSIBLE MANNER. YOU DESERVE A LOT OF PRAISE.
WOF! WOF!

FREDDY! THIS SMELL COMES FROM YOU! GO AND WASH IMMEDIATELY!
I DON'T HAVE TIME. LOOK HERE, I'VE FOUND SOME LETTERS FROM BROUSSARD TO SOMEBODY NAMED THORPE
YOU DON'T HAVE TIME, RIGHT....?

TO BE CONTINUED

WEIRD SOUP!
STORY AND ART NICOLA CUTI–
LETTERING BY BILL PEARSON
THERE'S ENGE. SHE'S BACK.
'BOUT TIME. SHE'S BEEN FORAGING FOR... MUST BE GOING ON A WEEK.
WHERE'S STONER?
FIRST... LET'S SEE YOUR KILL.

A BOGER! TENDER MEAT!
UH... AS FOR STONER, HE DON'T STAY WITH US NO MORE.

HE TURNED "JELLY-BRAINED". MADE HIMSELF A CAMP BY THE RIVER.
HE'S GOTTA EAT.
"HE EATS, AWRIGHT, BUT ALL HE EATS IS THAT WEIRD SOUP HE CONCOCTS."

'LO, STONER.
GOOD TO SEE YOU, ENGE.
HUNGRY? WANT SOME SOUP? IT'S JUST COMING TO A BOIL.

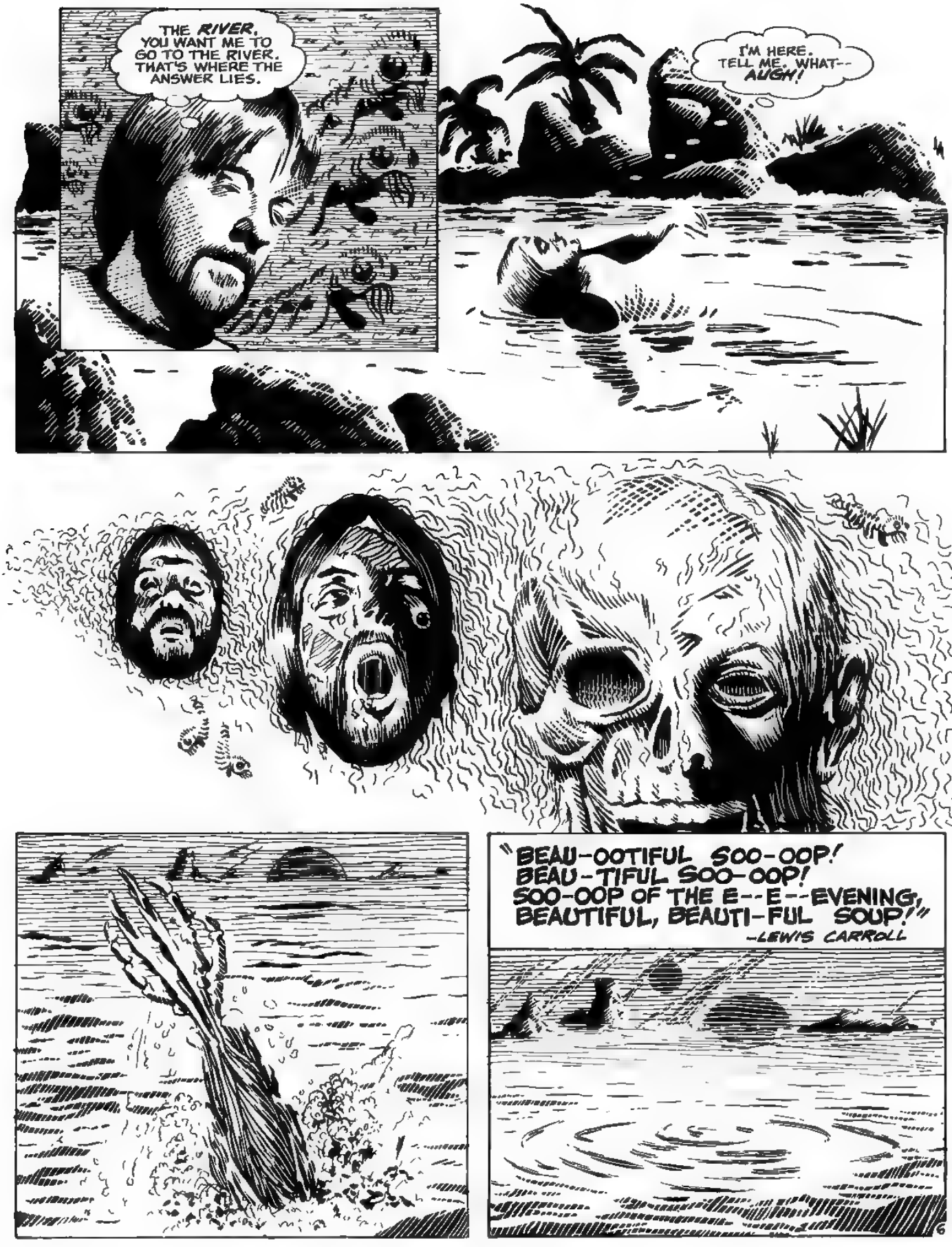
YEAH, I SUPPOSE-- WHAT'S IN IT?
FLATWORMS! I DREDGE THEM OUT OF THE RIVER.

I'LL... (GULP) PASS.
2

YOU LOOK AWFUL, STONER... LIKE A WALKING SKELETON. YOU'RE WASTING AWAY, ONLY EATING SOUP. THERE'S FRESH MEAT AT THE CAMP.
THEY THINK I'VE SHOT MY ROCKETS, ESPECIALLY WHEN I TELL THEM HOW THE SOUP TALKS TO ME.
BUT, YOU'LL UNDERSTAND.
"IT'S THE FLATWORMS, SEE, THEY'RE INTELLIGENT. COURSE, THEY SURE HAVE A PRIMITIVE WAY OF FINDING OUT WHAT'S ON A BODY'S MIND. THEY EAT THE BODY... MIND AND ALL."
CONVERSATIONS TEND TO BE SHORT AND A TRIFLE ONE-SIDED, BUT... THOROUGH. FOR INSTANCE, JUST NOW I ATE THE DAWN OF TIME!

ON WEDNESDAY, I SLURPED DOWN ARCHITECTURE.
"ON THURSDAY, I FEASTED ON GLIDING."
"ON FRIDAY, I DEVOURED SOCIOLOGY."
"THEY HAD A NICE PLACE HERE ONCE... THE PEOPLE, THEY LIVED OFF THE RIVER."

THEY HAD AN EASY-GOING AQUARIAN CULTURE. FISHING. TRADING. THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN SOMETHING CAME ALONG, AND--
PFFT! THEY WERE GONE!
IT HAS TO DO WITH THE RIVER, BUT--
BREAK OFF, STONER! LOOK AT WHAT FINALLY CAME IN. THE CAMP, STONER! LOOK TOWARD THE CAMP!
"THE RESCUE SHIP TRACED OUR BEACON. WE'RE GOING HOME!"
"I CAN'T GO. NOT YET. GOT TO FIND OUT WHY THE PEOPLE VANISHED!
"YOU CRAZY? WHO CARES?"
COME ON, STONER. WE'LL SEND ANOTHER GROUP, ANOTHER TIME.
I'M DISAPPOINTED IN YOU, ENGE. IF ONLY YOU HAD DRUNK THE SOUP.
WE'LL WAIT, BUT NOT FOREVER!


THE RIVER, YOU WANT ME TO GO TO THE RIVER. THAT'S WHERE THE ANSWER LIES.
I'M HERE. TELL ME. WHAT-- AUGH!
"BEAU-OOTIFUL SOO-OOP! BEAU-TIFUL SOO-OOP! SOO-OOP OF THE E--E--EVENING, BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTI-FUL SOUP!"
-LEWIS CARROLL

# COLLECTIBLES FROM HEAVY METAL

**$3.00 EACH**

- ☐ **JANUARY 1983** / Milo Manara, and Corben
- ☐ **FEBRUARY 1983** / The making of *The Entity* and Kim Deitch's "Eating Raoul"
- ☐ **MARCH 1983** / Robert Williams, Milo Manara, and Corben
- ☐ **APRIL 1983** / Guido Crepax, Kaluta, and Moebius
- ☐ **JUNE 1983** / Corben, and Crepax
- ☐ **JULY 1983** / Gaetano Liberatore's "Ranxerox" premiers!
- ☐ **AUGUST 1983** / Arno & Jodorowsky, and Captain Beefheart interviewed!
- ☐ **SEPTEMBER 1983** / Interview with Francis Ford Coppola, and Rowena Morrill
- ☐ **OCTOBER 1983** / Timothy Leary, Bilal, and Pepe Moreno
- ☐ **NOVEMBER 1983** / Interview with Will Eisner, and Crepax's "Valentina"
- ☐ **DECEMBER 1983** / "[illegible]" 's Liberatore interviewed
- ☐ **JANUARY 1984** / Arthur C Clarke's *The Sentinel*, and "Ranxerox"
- ☐ **FEBRUARY 1984** / Douglas Trumbull, Moebius, and "Vampire Memoirs"
- ☐ **MARCH 1984** / Douglas Adams, Angus McKie, and Charles Burns
- ☐ **APRIL 1984** / Roger Corman interviewed, Joe Kubert, and Boris Vallejo
- ☐ **MAY 1984** / Schuiten, "Ranxerox," and Moebius
- ☐ **JUNE 1984** / *Liquid Sky*'s Slava Tsukerman, Frank Thorne, and Bilal
- ☐ **JULY 1984** / John Cleese interviewed, and Jeronaton
- ☐ **AUGUST 1984** / Paul Kantner, Starship Captain, and Jeronaton
- ☐ **SEPTEMBER 1984** / Second Annual Music Video Awards, and David Cronenberg interviewed
- ☐ **OCTOBER 1984** / John Sayles interviewed, Caza, and Bilal
- ☐ **NOVEMBER 1984** / John Waters interviewed, Paul Kirchner, and Schuiten
- ☐ **DECEMBER 1984** / Federico Fellini interviewed, Milo Manara, and Boris Vallejo
- ☐ **JANUARY 1985** / Liberatore, Bertotti's "Marlowskitz," and Daniel Torres
- ☐ **FEBRUARY 1985** / Jack Davis interviewed, Russell Mulcahy, and Torres
- ☐ **MARCH 1985** / Moreno's "Rebel," Bilal & Christin, and Schuiten
- ☐ **APRIL 1985** / Eighth anniversary issue! Moreno, Corben, and Swarte
- ☐ **MAY 1985** / Liberatore cover, Corben, and Manara
- ☐ **JUNE 1985** / Charles Burns, Massimo Ghini, and Herikberto
- ☐ **JULY 1985** / George Miller interviewed, Olivia, and Sesar
- ☐ **AUGUST 1985** / Frank Frazetta interviewed, Juan Gimenez, and Torres
- ☐ **SEPTEMBER 1985** / [illegible] "Rock Opera," Yves Chaland

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- ☐ **FEBRUARY 1980** / Richard Corben, and Angus McKie
- ☐ **MARCH 1980** / Schuiten's "Crevasse," Corben, and Lee Marrs
- ☐ **MAY 1980** / Jeronaton's "Champakou"
- ☐ **AUGUST 1980** / Druillet's "Salammbo," and Enki Bilal
- ☐ **APRIL 1981** / Juan Gimenez, Corben, and Harry North
- ☐ **MAY 1981** / William S. Burroughs on immortality
- ☐ **JUNE 1981** / Corben speaks in a candid interview
- ☐ **NOVEMBER 1981** / Jeronaton, Jeff Jones, Leo & Diane Dillon
- ☐ **JANUARY 1982** / Chaykin, Simonson, and Jim Steranko
- ☐ **FEBRUARY 1982** / Moebius's John Difool and Jeff Jones
- ☐ **MARCH 1982** / Special rock issue
- ☐ **APRIL 1982** / Fifth anniversary issue featuring J. G Ballard
- ☐ **MAY 1982** / De es Schwertberger and David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution"
- ☐ **JUNE 1982** / R Crumb, Voss, and Caza
- ☐ **JULY 1982** / Marcelo and Lacome's "Life at the Circus"
- ☐ **AUGUST 1982** / Berni Wrightson's "Freak Show"
- ☐ **SEPTEMBER 1982** / Bilal, and Soren Kierkegaard, Jr
- ☐ **OCTOBER 1982** / Special horror issue—featuring Edgar Allan Poe
- ☐ **NOVEMBER 1982** / Mike [illegible]'s "Starstruck," and Wrightson's *NatLump's Class Reunion*
- ☐ **DECEMBER 1982** / Art Suydam's "Mudwog," and Corben

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- ☐ **MAY 1977** / Russian astronauts, and rock festivals
- ☐ **JUNE 1977** / Schuiten's "Shells," Richard Corben, and Vaughn Bodé
- ☐ **JULY 1977** / Moebius's "Arzach," and "The Long Tomorrow"
- ☐ **AUGUST 1977** / Ed Davis's "World Apart," and Corben
- ☐ **SEPTEMBER 1977** / Roger Zelazny and Corben
- ☐ **OCTOBER 1977** / Theodore Sturgeon, and Moebius
- ☐ **NOVEMBER 1977** / Harlan Ellison, and Moebius
- ☐ **DECEMBER 1977** / [illegible]'s "Vuzz," and Howard Chaykin's "Fortune's Fool"
- ☐ **JANUARY 1978** / Roger Zelazny, and Gray Morrow
- ☐ **FEBRUARY 1978** / Forest's "Barbarella," and Moebius
- ☐ **MARCH 1978** / Gray Morrow's "Orion," and Corben's "Den"
- ☐ **APRIL 1978** / First anniversary issue
- ☐ **MAY 1978** / Philippe Druillet, and Alex Nino
- ☐ **JUNE 1978** / Corben's "Arabian Nights," and Sturgeon's *More Than Human*
- ☐ **JULY 1978** / Voss's "Heilman" and Druillet's "Gail"
- ☐ **MARCH 1979** / Chaykin illustrates Alfred Bester's *Stars My Destination*
- ☐ **AUGUST 1979** / Caza, Suydam, and Bodé
- ☐ **OCTOBER 1979** / Halloween tribute to H P Lovecraft
- ☐ **NOVEMBER 1979** / Corben, Bodé, and Frank Brunner

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# HM's HOLLYWOOD HELL BY DREW FRIEDMAN

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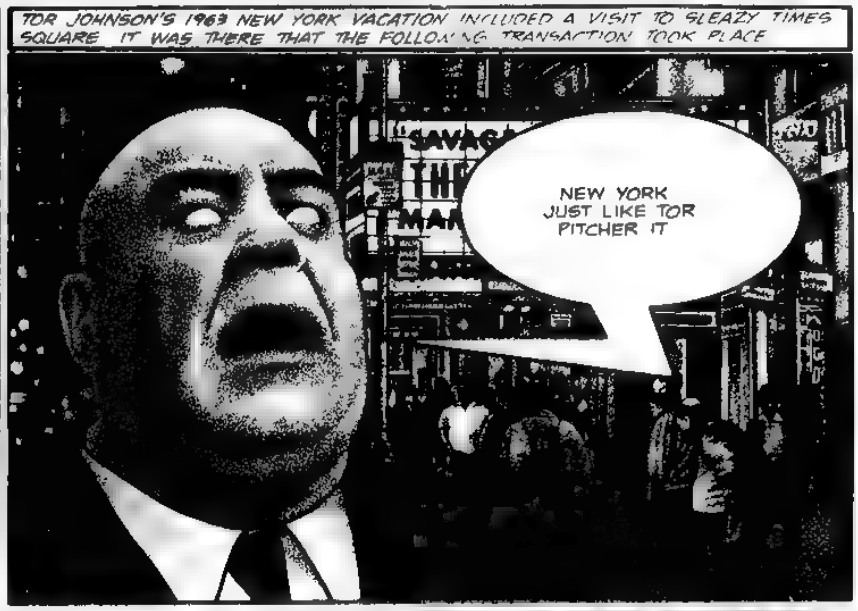
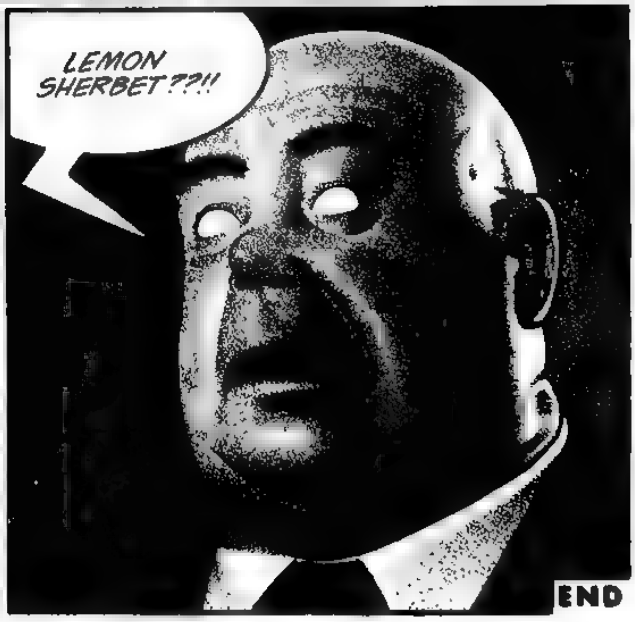
# TOR JOHNSON IN NEW YORK

## PART TWO


TOR JOHNSON'S 1963 NEW YORK VACATION INCLUDED A VISIT TO SLEAZY TIMES SQUARE. IT WAS THERE THAT THE FOLLOWING TRANSACTION TOOK PLACE
NEW YORK JUST LIKE TOR PITCHER IT



# chain mail

**I just got** your superheated letter in regard to the bill I owe you (for a subscription). In your letter, you said you thought the bill should have been paid off long ago, and you couldn't understand why it wasn't. Well, sir, I will enlighten you as to why I have a hard time raising the money.

In 1967 I bought a sawmill on credit, then, in 1968, an oxen team and cart, two ponies, a breech-loading gun, a twenty-four-dollar Colt revolver, and two razorback hogs, all on a damned installment plan.

In 1969, the sawmill burned down and didn't leave me a damn thing. One of the ponies died, so I gave the other one to a son of a bitch who let it starve to death, and then I joined the church.

In 1970 my father died and my brother was hanged for stealing a horse. A railroad man knocked up my daughter, and I had to pay eighty-eight dollars to a doctor to keep the little bastard from becoming a relative of mine.

In 1971 my boy caught the mumps and they went down on him and the doctor had to castrate him in order to save his life. Then I went fishing and turned the damn boat over, losing the biggest catfish I ever saw. Two of my boys drowned, neither being the one castrated.

In 1976 my wife ran off with a nigger and left me with a set of twins as a souvenir; then I married the hired help to keep down the expenses, but I had trouble getting her off. I went to a doctor and he told me to create some excitement about the time she was ready. So I took my shotgun to bed with me that night. When I thought she was ready, I stuck the gun out the window and fired. My wife shit the bed, I ruptured myself, and I shot the best damned milk cow I ever had.

In 1979 I burned myself out and took to drinking. I didn't stop till all I had left was a Waterbury watch and kidney trouble. Then all I had to do was wind my watch and piss.

Then last year I decided to start over again. I bought a manure spreader, tractor, and threshing machine, all on the damned credit plan.

Then a cyclone came along and blew everything into the next county, my wife caught the clap from a traveling salesman, my boy wiped his ass with a corncob that was covered with rat poison, and some bastard de-nutted my best bull.

Anyway, at the present time if it cost a nickel to shit I'd have to puke. In other words, if turkeys were selling for five cents a pound, I couldn't kiss a jaybird's ass.

And yet you say you can cause me trouble for not having my payment in on time. Well, my friends, trying to get money from me would be like trying to poke butter up a wildcat's ass with a red-hot poker, but if you want to you can. Yours for credit!

Thom "Hardluck" Elliott
Carson City, NV

*Talk about fantasy! We wish some of our writers could come up with stories like this!*—Eds.

**Unless I'm mistaken,** the robots on page 68 of your July 1985 issue are communicating in international Morse code. If this is true, there is a mistake. The one on the left is saying "droise non conforg." Apparently, the final "g" should be an "m" to make the word "conform." This would make sense in the context of the story—especially since the other robot is indicating (in French) that the visitor ought to be destroyed/ruined/dismantled. . . .

Clifford Abrams
Evanston, IL

*Dear Cliff:* [illegible] —Eds.

**I have been** an avid fan of *Heavy Metal* for a long time. I have never written to you in the past, but I now feel I must write. The art forms that you have presented in the pages of *Heavy Metal* have all had some appealing feature which has given me cause for delight. I especially care for the way your contributors portray the females of our and other races. The graphics that you present monthly allow me to go far into the world of fantasy.

What, you might ask, could elicit such verbiage? Your July issue's cover art, of course! I am indebted to you for revealing Olivia De Berardinis's work. Now that you have given me reason to live, and not meaning to sound ungrateful for the services already provided, where can I get more of Olivia's work?

A. Lott
St. Louis, MO

*Write O Cards, P.O. Box 541, Midtown Station, New York, NY 10018 for info on Olivia merchandise.*—Eds.

# Olivia

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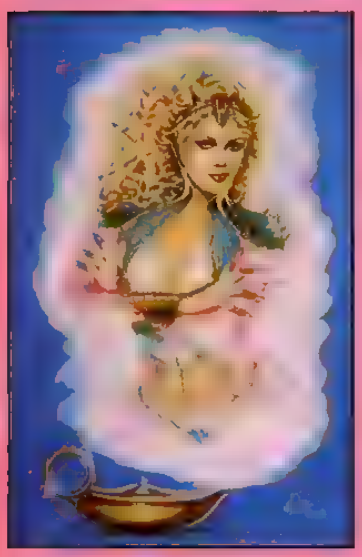

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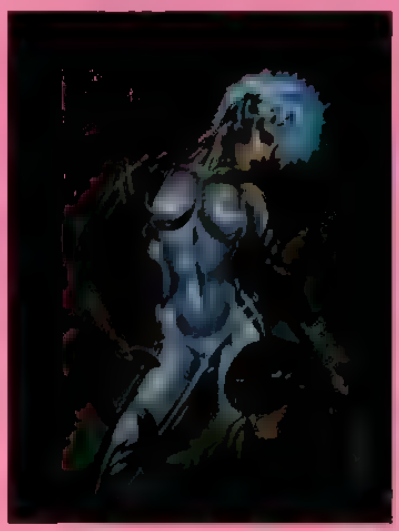

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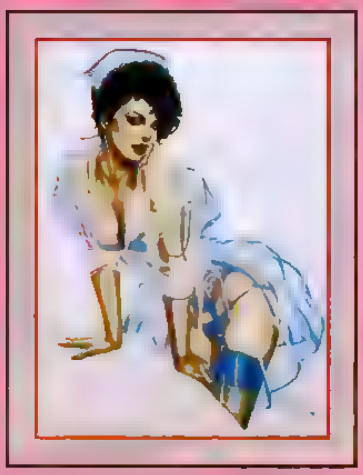

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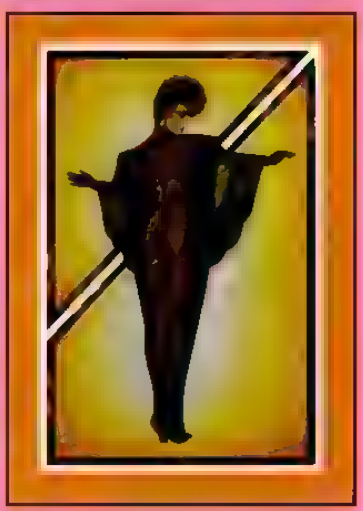

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REBEL
...A PARACHUTE!
THERE'LL PROBABLY BE A SKINHEAD CONTINGENT DOWN THERE TO GREET ME!
A COUPLE OF BLOCKS AWAY, RUDY AND GYPSY WATCH THE PARACHUTE FLOAT DOWN UPON THE RAVENOUS SKINHEADS.
HE MADE IT! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! LET'S GO!
SHIT! I'M A SITTING DUCK WHERE THE HELL ARE RUDY AND GYPSY?
DOLL WANTS HIM ALIVE! DON'T KILL HIM, JUST BITE HIS FINGERS OFF!
USA
DOUG
SKINS

YAHOOO!
BRAT-T TAT TAT
PROOM
UNSUSPECTING, THE SKINHEADS ARE MOWED DOWN BY A RASH OF BULLETS
TAT TAT
WHERE'S LORI?
COME ON! I CAN'T HOLD THEM OFF TOO MUCH LONGER!
KEEP GOING, I'LL EXPLAIN LATER!
THE SKINS HAVE NO TIME TO REACT BEFORE THE VAN PEELS OUT, SPITTING LEAD AT EVERY TURN!
BRAT TAT
RAT TAT TAT
CHEW THIS, SUCKERS!

OUTWITTED, DOLL IS FIT TO BE TIED ...
YOU FOOLS! YOU JERKOFFS! I WANT THAT MAN!
I'LL FEED YOU ALL TO THE DOGS IF I DON'T GET HIM! I'LL....
THAT WAS CLOSE! WHAT NOW, REBEL?
UP TO THE BRONX, AND STEP ON IT!
LORI I HOPE SHE'S ALRIGHT WHAT COULD THEY'VE DONE WITH HER?
FAMILIAR WITH INTERROGATION TECHNIQUES, REBEL HAS A GUT FEELING OF EXACTLY WHAT THEY COULD HAVE DONE WITH HER. SWALLOWING HIS PAIN, HE DECIDES TO REPAY DOLL.
THIS IS THE PLACE!
WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE?
GETTING READY TO TAKE DOLL. IT'S LONG OVERDUE.
YEAH! LET'S BURN THOSE SKINHEADS!
THERE'S ENOUGH STUFF HERE TO LEVEL THE WHOLE CITY. WHERE DID ALL OF THESE EXPLOSIVES COME FROM?
MY UNIT USED THIS PLACE AS A SUPPLY DUMP DURING THE SECOND CIVIL WAR. I FIGURED IT WOULD BE USEFUL SOMEDAY.
LATER THE OVERLOADED VAN PICKS ITS' WAY THROUGH THE MAZE OF ABANDONED SUBWAY TUNNELS, HEADING TOWARDS THE TARGET.
I THINK THIS ROUTE SHOULD BE PRETTY CLEAR ALL THE WAY THROUGH
WHERE THE HELL ARE WE GOING ANYWAY?
YOU'LL SEE!

WHAT SEEMS LIKE HOURS LATER
CHAMBERS STATION LOOKS LIKE WE'RE ALMOST THERE
WANT ME TO SPEED UP?
WATCH THOSE BUMPS! NO TELLING WHAT WILL MAKE THESE OLD "FIRECRACKERS" BLOW UP!
NOW YOU TELL ME!
YEAH, WE'RE A REGULAR BOMB-MOBILE.
THIS IS WHERE WE'RE GOING AND WE'RE ALMOST THERE
FAR ABOVE DOLL IS RECEIVING GUESTS.
KESSLER! WHAT BRINGS HIM BACK SO SOON I HOPE HE HASN'T FOUND OUT ABOUT REBEL.

I HEAR YOU LET REBEL GET AWAY WAS HE TOO SMART FOR YOU?
WELL, UMMM
DON'T WORRY, I'M HERE NOW EVERYTHING WILL BE UNDER CONTROL FROM HERE ON IN
SNURF! SNURF!
OKAY, DOLL, THIS TOWER WILL BE OUR CONTROL CENTER I'LL BE DIRECTING THE CLEAN-UP OPERATION IN PERSON
WHEN THIS SURVEILLANCE EQUIPMENT IS SET UP, NOT EVEN A RAT WILL BE ABLE TO CRAWL IN THIS CITY WITHOUT ME KNOWING ABOUT IT
MEANWHILE, DOWN BELOW IN THE SUBWAY...
RIGHT AHEAD, BOYS! THAT'S THE SPOT!

MAJOR, I COULD BE WRONG, BUT I SEEM TO BE GETTING A CONSISTENT SIGNAL ON THE SCAN. IT'S VERY ODD. IT'S ABOUT 150 FEET UNDERGROUND. WHY, IT'S BELOW US!
WHAT ??
WE'D BETTER NOT TAKE ANY CHANCES, SERGEANT, GET A SQUAD DOWN TO THE SUBWAY TUNNELS--AND DO IT FAST! NEUTRALIZE ANYTHING YOU FIND!
YES, SIR!
IT CAN'T BE ANYTHING NOBODY IN THEIR RIGHT MIND WOULD EVER COME NEAR THIS PLACE!
KESSLER IS WRONG, DEAD WRONG THIS TIME. WORKING FEVERISHLY THE INTRUDERS BEGIN TO SET A SERIES OF POWERFUL EXPLOSIVES.
HURRY UP! WE DON'T HAVE ALL DAY!
JUST MAKE SURE YOU CONNECT THE WIRES CORRECTLY!

LOOK AT THAT, DOLL. I CAN SEE OUR ARMY DESCENDING FROM HERE
IT'S MAGNIFICENT, SIR!
UP ON THE ROOF, KESSLER BOASTS OF HIS ARMY'S PRESENCE.
KESSLER'S AIRPOWER SWARMS THE CITY LIKE A PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS.
CHOP CHOP CHOP
ENDLESS STREAMS OF ARMORED CARRIERS FLY INTO THE CITY FROM ALL DIRECTIONS.
ALL UNITS IN POSITION
THE CITY IS SEALED IN A RING OF STEEL.
THIS IS THE MIGHTIEST ARMY IN THE WORLD, AND THEY ARE UNDER MY COMMAND! NO ONE CAN STOP ME NOW!

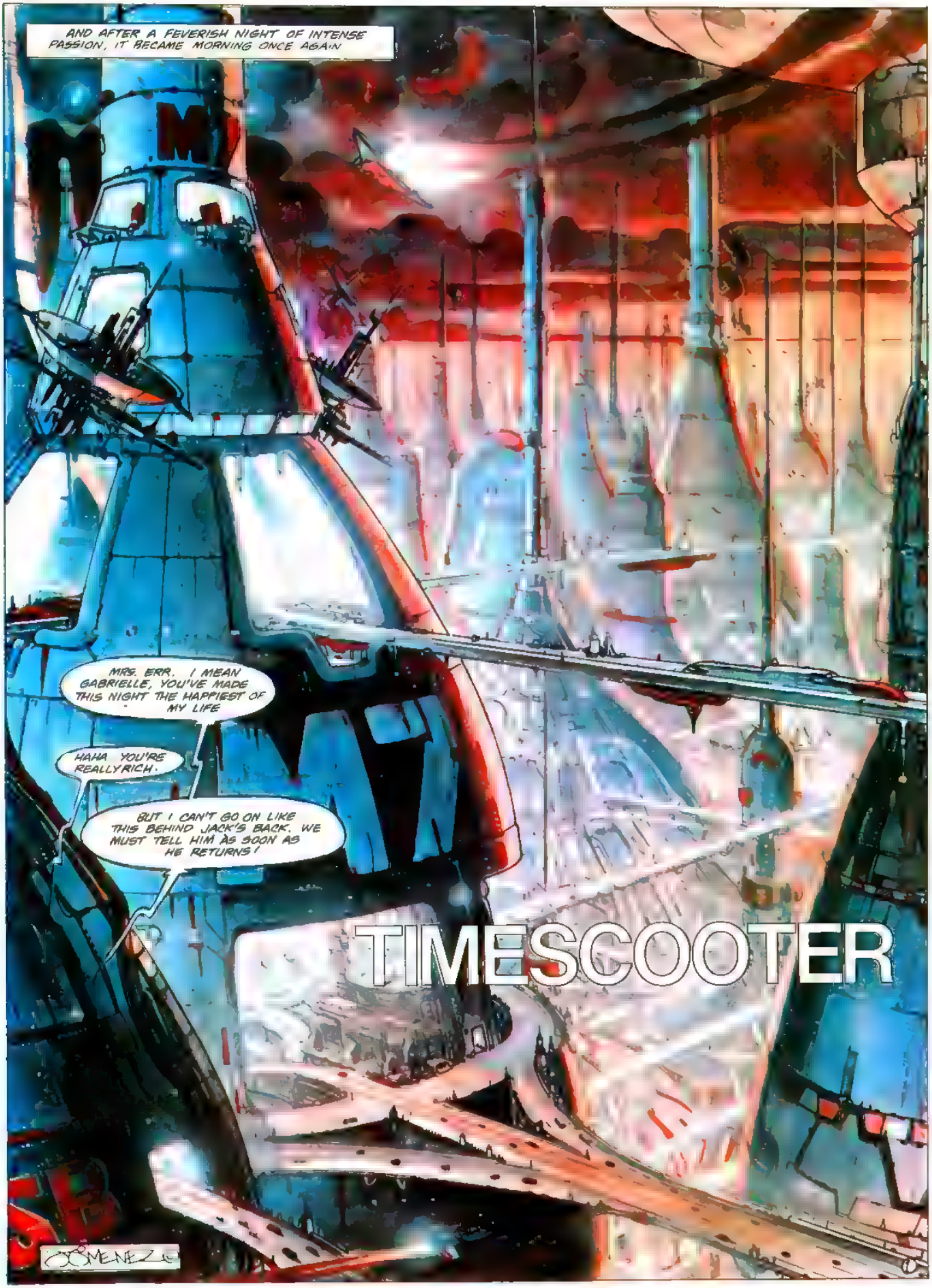
IT IS AT THIS MOMENT THAT KESSLER'S PATROL ATTACKS.
THEY'RE OVER THERE!
REBEL AND HIS MEN HAVE INSTALLED THE FIRST EXPLOSIVE.
FIVE MINUTES. EVERYTHING IS SET.
NOTHING CAN STOP IT NOW
LOOK OUT! IT'S THE PATROL!
SHIT! WE CAN'T GET TO THE VAN!
GET DOWN AND TAKE COVER!
TSING
CLACNG
CLONG
CLONG
GYPSY, THE CHARGES! HOW MUCH TIME DO WE HAVE?
NOT MUCH!
MAYBE TWO MINUTES!
VEEEP
VEEP
VEEP
VEEP
VIIIP
VIIIII
VII
THE RECONNAISSANCE PATROL HAS MADE CONTACT. THE SUBWAY IS MINED.
NOW!
HOW MUCH TIME?
BRRRRD

RRRUUUMMMM
KA-BOOM!
RUMMBLE!
LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE, THE EXPLOSION ROCKS THE CITY WITH ITS' FOUNDATION BLOWN AWAY, THE SYMBOL OF OPPRESSION COLLAPSES IN A CLOUD OF DUST.
RRUUMMMMBLEE!!

NOT FAR FROM THE EXPLOSION.
DOWNTOWN · UPTOWN
6 1 2
:COUGH: :COUGH: WE'RE LUCKY THE PATROL CUT OUT WHEN THEY DID. WE DIDN'T HAVE ANYTIME TO FIGHT IT OUT WITH THEM
:COUGH: :COUGH: YEAH, I'M GLAD THEY DIDN'T HANG-AROUND..
:COUGH: LOOK AT IT OUT HERE! .:COUGH:
SHIT! THE SANITATION POLICE!
SUBWAY
WITH THE COMMAND CENTER DESTROYED, THE MASSIVE MILITARY OPERATION GRINDS TO A HALT THE PATROLS ARE IN CHAOS THE CITY IS AN INTRICATE JUNGLE THE TROOPS PULL OUT IN FEAR OF AMBUSH.
CAPTAIN, WE CAN'T GET ANYTHING ON THE RADIO THE SCANS ARE OFF WE'LL NEVER GET THEM NOW!
JESUS, I DON'T THINK THESE JERKS KNOW WHO WE ARE!
SANITATION POLICE
I'M LOSING CONTROL AND I DON'T LIKE THAT GET THE PRISONERS ABOARD AND WE'LL PULL OUT
WITH REBEL AND HIS MEN ABOARD, THE ISOLATED CARRIER MOVES OFF, TRYING TO LINK UP WITH A LARGER UNIT.

CAPTAIN, LOOK! THE TOWER IS GONE! MUST HAVE BEEN BLOWN TO BITS!
SIR! RADAR SHOWS SEVERAL VEHICLES CLOSING IN ON US!
BROOOMM
THE CARRIER ENCOUNTERS A LARGER UNIT, BUT NOT ONE OF THEIR OWN COMPLETELY SURROUNDED THE CREW SURRENDERS. ZERO REPAYS HIS DEBT.
COME ON, GET OUTTA THERE!
SSCCREEECH
THE ARMY HAD PULLED OUT, AND THE SKINHEADS WERE GONE.
ZERO! I KNEW I COULD COUNT ON YOU!
NOW WE UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU WERE TRYING TO DO. WE NOW KNOW WHO THE REAL ENEMY IS
YOU CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON US!
GOD, THIS IS CORNY!
I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT, MY FRIEND I'M AFRAID THEY'LL BE BACK BUT NOW WE CAN FACE THEM TOGETHER!

WITH THE BLOW TO THE SKINHEADS, THE SLAVE TRAFFICKING WILL STOP FOR A WHILE. IF NOT FOREVER. THERE IS A NEW SENSE OF PRIDE IN THE CITY. A SELF-IDENTITY AN IDENTITY THE GANG WILL FIGHT TO KEEP.
IT IS A HAPPY EVENT FOR ALL, BUT ONE--REBEL. HE MOURNS FOR LORI, AND WORRIES ABOUT THE FUTURE IT WON'T BE EASY.
THERE WILL BE TIME TO FORGET, BUT FOR NOW, HE'LL REMEMBER
END


AND AFTER A FEVERISH NIGHT OF INTENSE PASSION, IT BECAME MORNING ONCE AGAIN
MRS. ERR. I MEAN GABRIELLE, YOU'VE MADE THIS NIGHT THE HAPPIEST OF MY LIFE
HAHA YOU'RE REALLY RICH.
BUT I CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS BEHIND JACK'S BACK. WE MUST TELL HIM AS SOON AS HE RETURNS!
TIMESCOOTER
MENEZ

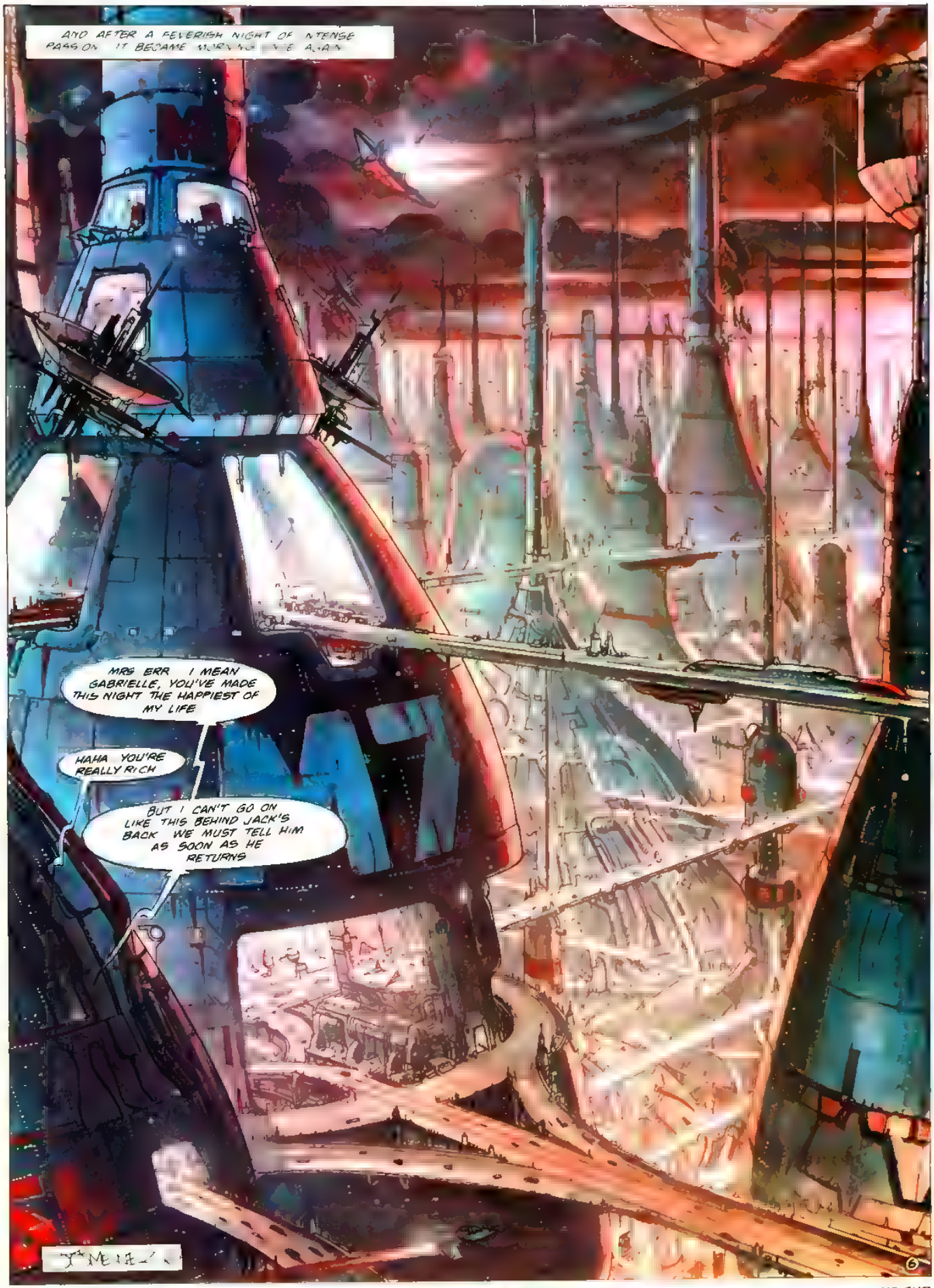
WE CAN GO AND LIVE ON SOME INCREDIBLY ROMANTIC SETTLERS' MOON I'VE GOT SOME MONEY HIDDEN AWAY, I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU
LISTEN TO YOURSELF! YOU'D THINK I REALLY CARED FOR YOU
WHERE THE HELL DID YOU GET THE NOTION THAT I WAS GOING TO LEAVE JACK FOR YOU AND YOUR FEW MEASLY BUCKS? AND ANOTHER THING, YOU'D NEVER CATCH ME ON ONE OF THE GODFORSAKEN SETTLERS' MOONS!
AS A MATTER OF FACT, I CAN'T REALLY REMEMBER WHY I GOT INVOLVED WITH YOU IN THE FIRST PLACE ALTHOUGH AT TIMES YOU DO LOOK PRETTY SEXY
BUT WHAT ABOUT LAST NIGHT IT.. IT WAS INCREDIBLE!
LAST NIGHT WAS THE LAST TIME, GODFREY! ALL I WANTED WAS A GOOD TIME WHILE JACK WAS AWAY! THAT'S ALL I EVER WANT!
BUT I LOVE YOU, GABRIELLE, I ADORE YOU! I THINK I MUST HAVE LOVED YOU EVEN BEFORE I EVER MET YOU... IF THAT MAKES ANY SENSE! IT JUST CAN'T BE A ONE NIGHT STAND!
WELL, THAT'S WHAT IT WAS, BUSTER, SO YOU'D BETTER GET USED TO THE IDEA! WHY DON'T YOU DO YOURSELF A FAVOR AND FORGET ABOUT IT! GOT IT?
2

I UNDERSTAND, MY DEAR! BUT YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!
YOU MAKE ME LAUGH, YOU LITTLE CREEP! HAHAHAHAHA
YOU MUSTN'T LAUGH AT ME, GABRIELLE! DO YOU HEAR ME?
STOP LAUGHING!
STOP IT I SAID!
STOP!
KRAGGG!
STOP IT!
OH, GABRIELLE
MY LOVE

I KNEW YOU'D UNDERSTAND ME ! YOU'VE STOPPED ! THANK YOU !
I HAVE WAITED 25 YEARS FOR THE WOMAN OF MY DREAMS ! I WOULDN'T LEAVE YOU NOW.. NOT EVER ! OOOF, YOU'RE SURE HEAVY
AFTER 25 YEARS OF STANDING ON THE SIDELINES WATCHING LIFE GO BY... I'VE NEVER DONE ANYTHING WORTHWHILE, BUT KEEP MY HEAD BURIED IN BOOKS !
LOOK GABRIELLE THE TIME SCOOTER WILL TAKE US ! ONCE THE SELF POSITIONER IS LOCKED IN PLACE, IT WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE TO REPROGRAM !
YOU JUST HOLD TIGHT FOR A MOMENT, WHILE I CALIBRATE THE TIMESCOOTER !
I'LL SWITCH IT TO MINIMUM CLOSED CIRCUIT, THAT MEANS INFINITE REPETITION OF 12 HOURS THERE
OKAY, YOU'LL BE AWAKE IN TIME WHERE'S JACK, HE SHOULD BE HERE SOON !
TONIGHT WILL BE ECSTASY !
START

WELL, GODFREY, THE TIME HAS FINALLY COME YOUR SHINING MOMENT! THIS IS THE GREATEST INVENTION EVER EVER INVENTED!
WELL, THANK YOU, SIR! GOOD LUCK AT THE INTERCOLONIAL PRESS CONFERENCE!
THANKS AND YOU CAN BE SURE THAT YOUR NAME WILL COME UP IN THE GENERAL REPORT AS A GREAT CONTRIBUTOR TO THE TIMESCOOTER COMPUTATIONS
THANK YOU
GOODBYE, DEAR
BYE BYE, JACK, AND DON'T FORGET TO TAKE YOUR PILLS
I WON'T
WHERE ARE YOU GOING, GODFREY?
WELL, I ERR, WAS GOING TO CHECK THE TIMESCOOTER, AND
COULD YOU COME OVER HERE FOR A MINUTE, I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING
AS YOU WISH, MRS PLACKMAN
AND STOP CALLING ME THAT! YOU KNOW MY NAME! DIDN'T LAST NIGHT MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?
WELL, SURE, ERR GABRIELLE
THIS WAY, GODFREY
GAGA GA
COME ON OVER HERE, AND I'LL SHOW YOU SOME REAL TIME TRAVEL WITHOUT THAT TIMESCOOTER! TAKE YOUR CLOTHES OFF!
OH, GABRIELLE, !

6 14 AM, 40 B 3543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6

OWING TO THE LACK OF SPACE, WE MUST INTERRUPT THIS LOVE STORY

THE END

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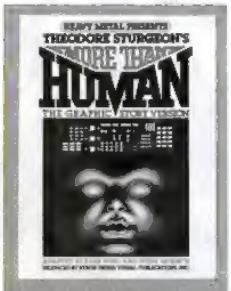

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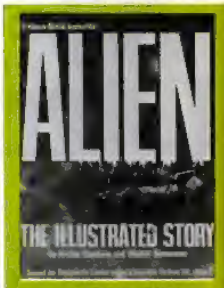

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